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BITING THE DUST of the Her-Tru at Forest Hills, some of the big names of tennis—Aussie, Panatta, Wack, Navratilova—disappeared early from the U.S. Open. Curry Kirkpatrick records the deeds of the survivors.

ALIVE AND KICKING, but without George Blanda to do the latter, the Raiders open their season against the Steelers, who defeated them in the AFC title game. Dan Jenkins covers the not-quite-instant replay.

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Footloose

by DAPHNE HURFORD

AN EXHIBIT OF BEST, WORST, SMALLEST,
BIGGEST—AND THE MEANEST CHICKEN

It seems fitting that the Guinness folks would pick New York City's Empire State Building for their new World Records Exhibit Hall, because that oldtime skyscraper held the record as the world's tallest for 39 years. The exhibit promises to become a strong year-round tourist attraction, with more than 5,000 square feet of floor space devoted to showing off all the moos and bees, the smallest and biggest and worst.

As a sort of exhibit within an exhibit, the Guinness World of Sports and Games features a lively collection of old and new movie footage with five-minute programs being shown in four booths. It is almost worth the price of admission (\$1.50) to listen to the clusters of teen-agers in front of the screens, as they cheer their heroes, disparage their less-than-favorites and challenge each other's knowledge of sports lore. The movie that rates highest in spectator hysteria depicts Joe Namath in action, engendering arguments about the present state of his arm; the film also includes highlights of Don Larsen's 1956 World Series perfect game and Lou Brock stealing bases in slow motion.

Another movie portrays Roger Bannister's four-minute mile. Wilt Chamberlain at Overbrook High, some smooth moves by Pele and a slow-motion high jump by world-record holder Dwight Stones. (As an added touch, the exhibitors have installed a high-jump bar over the booth so that spectators can judge the height for themselves. And, to show they're up to date on their world records, they've moved it up to 7-71/4" from 7-71/2") On yet another screen Paul Anderson breaks a weight-lifting record, Billie Jean King serves, Mark Spitz wins the 100-meter butterfly at Munich. Jack Nicklaus misses a putt and Babe Didrikson Zaharias throws a javelin, high jumps, hurdles, boxes and plays golf.

There are dozens of other exhibits, including a replica of the world's biggest (22 pounds) and meanest chicken.

Although the Guinness people promised more audience participation than they deliver, there are plenty of buttons to push and magnifiers to look through (e.g., the world's smallest violin). On Saturdays cameras are permitted, so visitors can be photographed lying on a bed of nails or standing next to a model of the world's tallest man.

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VIEWPOINT

by E. J. KAHN JR.

HE WORE NO. 1 ON HIS UNIFORM AND HE IS NO. 1 IN THE AUTHOR'S ESTEEM

The worst thing about traveling abroad is missing the obituaries back home. Thus it was not until a couple of months after the sad event that I learned, on returning from an overseas junket, that the greatest centerfielder ever to wear the uniform of the New York Yankees was dead. I can hear the gasps from other laggard vacationers, reading this, wondering what unknown dire fate had befallen Joe DiMaggio or Mickey Mantle in their absence. But I am not referring to either of them. I am referring, of course, to that paragon of Yankee centerfielders, Earle Combs, the Silver Fox from Kentucky.

The news of his death was saddening, but what shocked me most on looking up Combs' death notices was that he was 77. True, his hair had been flecked with gray even when as a boy I watched him with huge and unflagging admiration, but how could he have been that old? Then I realized that it was 50 years ago that I used to take my leather-bound autograph book up to the old Yankee Stadium, an hour or more before game time, and hang around the edge of the home-team dugout hoping to add a Herb Pennock or a Jampsey Joe Dugan to my collection of illustrious signatures.

DiMaggio and Mantle were all right, I guess, in their own fashion, at least until they swapped their hats and gloves for television commercials. So far as I know, Earle Combs never did a commercial. I once saw DiMaggio hit three triples in a single ball game—a performance that may not be as rare as hitting four home runs in one game, but certainly seems to be—and I have seen Mantle almost knock a fair ball out of Yankee Stadium, a feat not yet accomplished. I give each his due. But to me their deeds, however valiant, pale in comparison to my memory of those of the incomparable Combs. As the leadoff man for the old Murderers' Row, he always seemed to be hitting something like .350 and he always seemed to be on base—like as not moved along to second by Mark Koenig—when Babe Ruth or Lou Gehrig came to the plate to drive him around.

Defensively, Combs was the cement that held the other jewels of the Yankee outfield together—Bob Meusel to his right, Ruth to his left. Combs abetted and protected them like a sheep dog tending his flock. Any ball hit so right center or left center that Ruth or Meusel gathered in was caught by them. I often had the impression, largely through courtesy on the part of the county Combs, he could have loped over and gobbled up

these flies himself, but he did not wish to appear to be intruding on their assigned territory.

Wasn't it Zane Grey who once wrote a short story about a single fleet bull hawk who, owing to injuries and other unforeseen circumstances, managed successfully to patrol an entire outfield? To me, Combs stood a better chance than any of his peers of becoming the real-life counterpart of that fictional prodigy. Ground balls were never much of a problem to Combs, partly because he didn't get so handle many, the middle of the Yankee infield was like an impenetrable wall, with Koenig at shortstop and Tony Lazzeri in second. Pro-b 'Em Up Tony rated so high in my pantheon of Yankee heroes that sometimes my eyes would mist at the mere sight of him, thereby rendering Combs, normally stamined some 125 feet behind him in center, momentarily invisible.

I once had my picture taken shaking hands with Gehrig and I once prepped the flesh with Ruth, but to my own dying day I will regret that I never got closer than my autograph book to Earle Combs. He was not the pushy, glad-handing sort in any case. He wore No. 1 on his uniform, and he will always be No. 1 in my book. They don't make them like Combs anymore. I suppose I should know something about Mickey Rivers, who plays center field for the Yankees today, but all I know about Rivers is that he came to the Yanks from the California Angels, an expansion club whose precise location I can't pinpoint. It doesn't matter. In my view, baseball began to go downhill at just about the time that Combs retired. The new generation of ballplayers seemed more in the mold of Combs' contemporary, Lefty Grove, a raffish character.

One day in the 1930s, when I was still hanging around Yankee Stadium, operating more or less on momentum, Grove was scheduled to pitch against the Yanks for the Philadelphia Athletics. I approached him (I already had his teammate George Eardshaw) with my autograph book. By chance, it fell open to the page where Combs' priceless signature was etched. Grove pulled an ink pad and rubber stamp out of a pocket of his uniform and, before I could stop him, violated that page by imprinting his name upon it. (Somebody told me years later that it wasn't entirely his fault—he was poorly educated—but still he could have asked me first.) My interest in baseball players' autographs perished at that instant and my interest in baseball players soon began to wane. Maybe that's why I could never work up much excitement over DiMaggio or Mantle. But I like to think, rather, that it was because they simply couldn't measure up to the lofty standards of Earle Combs. I have a hunch that Bob Meusel and Babe Ruth would most certainly agree with me. END

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT CANTWELL

THE BEST PART OF WALKING THIS TRAIL:
KNOWING WHEN AND WHERE TO GET OFF

The Pacific Crest Trail, which runs from Canada to Mexico, is generally regarded as the Western equivalent of the Appalachian Trail, which extends from Maine to Georgia, although the former is more challenging in its wild miles through the High Sierras and the North Cascades. In *The Pacific Crest Trail: Escape to the Wilderness* (Lippincott, \$8.95), Ann and Myron Sutton make the point that the Western trail is substantially different in that, unlike the Appalachian, the main north-south route serves as a link between a number of side paths. The main trail has become so popular that, especially near high-way crossings, the "traveler may encounter noise makers, litter throwers, tree choppers, shortcutters, flower pickers, polluters, vandals and lawbreakers." These can be avoided by seeking out side trips over old stagecoach routes, for example, and the many trails in the *Cascades Wilderness*. Throughout much of Oregon's Skyline Trail and the Cascade Trail of Washington, side trails branch off at intervals, providing marvelous exits to lakes, falls, hot springs, caves, meadows and beaver ponds. "There is almost no limit," write the authors, "to the exploration potential of these thousands of miles of side trails."

Ann Sutton is a geologist, her husband Myron a biologist, and their book is leisurely and discursive, with emphasis on trees, wild flowers and rocks.

The spectacular mountain scenery along the trail is better communicated by the 125 color photographs in *The Pacific Crest Trail* (National Geographic Society, \$4.25) taken by Sam Abell, with text by William R. Gray. The book is a pleasant, uncritical, campground-by-campground account based on the authors' own exploration.

But the most graphic record of the Pacific Crest Trail and its hardships is still *The High Adventure of Eric Ryback* (Chronicle Books, \$6.95), published five years ago. At 17 Ryback hiked the entire 2,000 miles of the Appalachian Trail; at 18 he set out alone over the 2,300 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail from the Canadian border and reached Mexico some 130 days later. Nearly frozen at the start, suffering from loneliness, self-distrust, fear, hunger and occasional disorientation, Ryback's achievement was incredible, but it left him with no time to enjoy the wilderness the trail was built to penetrate. The Suttons are right for those who enjoy walking, the real appeal of the trail is in the opportunity to explore what it opens up. To regard it as a hiker's highway can destroy it.

END



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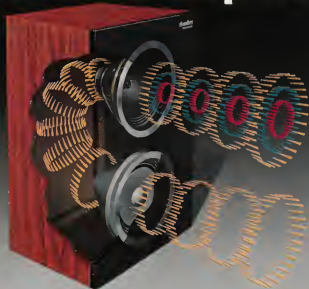
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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH FLEGG

RANCOR IN THE RANKS

The bad feeling that has existed within and without the NFL Players Association since its 1974 preseason strike collapsed seemed about to erupt into internecine warfare last week.

"Fire Ed Garvey, that's my opinion," said a Houston player. "He's getting \$57,000 a year and he's taking us for a ride."

"We don't have a players' union anymore," said another Oiler. "We've got an executive director's union."

"We're like a bunch of sheep being led by a wolf," said a Pittsburgh tackle.

The howl went up after the players' representatives, meeting in Chicago to consider a new contract proposal, wound up, at the urging of their executive director, Ed Garvey, voting to table it, thereby preventing the proposal from being voted upon by the entire membership.

The contract, which had been worked out by Miami Safety Dick Anderson, who is president of the NFLPA, and Dan Rooney, president of the Steelers and the negotiator for the owners, contained provisions for a 43-player team limit with a four-man taxi squad, a \$7,000 raise in the minimum salary, the resumption of funding of the players' pension fund—which has been suspended for the two years that the players have been without a contract—and an increase of \$3,000 in Super Bowl winners' shares.

The only fly in all that ointment was the fact that the proposal also included a major restriction of a player's freedom of movement. To get at the goodies, the players were going to have to cede back to the owners the significant victory they had won in 1975 when U.S. District Court Judge Earl Larson declared the Rozelle Rule illegal. The NFL has appealed the decision and the matter is still in the courts. Garvey feels that there should be no agreement until the "freedom issues" are settled.

But the fight has dragged on for two years now, and the troops are getting restless. A mood of conciliation, born of fear for the future, seems to be growing in

the ranks, and Garvey is being seen by some as an obstructionist rather than a champion of players' rights against overweening owners.

One of the newly outraged, Jim Berne, an eight-year Oiler veteran, said, "The owners made us an honest, earnest proposal. . . . It'll take a two-thirds vote to fire him [Garvey], and I'll bet we could get it."

ROMANIAN RAP

Sometimes, watching Ilie Nastase doing his loutish number, one wonders how much of it is real and how much show. At Forest Hills, during his three-set win over Hans Jurgen Pohmann of West Germany, and afterward in the dressing room, he proved once and for all that his piggery is genuine.

Some good may yet come of Nastase's boorishness. He makes it clear that the tennis umpire has to assume greater authority. The man on that high chair is supposed to control the match, and he is empowered, just as a baseball umpire is, to send a bad actor to the showers. But he is not doing it often enough. A Nastase can behave as he chooses, but he should know that antisocial antics are going to cost him dearly.

UNDERDOG OF THE WEEK

There ought to be a place in the Guinness Book of World Records somewhere for competitions between mismatched opponents—like the one last week between Mrs. Eleanor Youngly of Ventura, Calif. and her waterbed.

One morning at 5:30, Mrs. Youngly was hurled from her bed by an outsized wave that had built up inside the mattress. Not content simply to flip the lady to the floor, the waterbed, which rested on a raised platform, next flipped itself off its perch and pinned the outclassed and outmaneuvered Mrs. Youngly under 1,700 undulating pounds. The firemen who rescued her, "gasping but unhurt," said they had never responded to a waterbed emergency before.

All of which is to say that life is an invitation to a limerick.

Consider the saga of Eleanor
Whose waterbed suddenly fell on
her
While she was unnerved,
Those who saw her observed
That the waterbed looked rather
well on her

DOG DAY NIGHT

There has always been something about a streetlight, the old-fashioned neighborhood kind with a sturdy concrete post and a frantic halo of bugs on a summer night, that turns bored little boys into minor league vandals. Rocks, slingshots and BB guns have been the traditional missiles. Last week, however, police in Rocky Hill, Conn. discovered three children trying to shoot out the lights with blowguns.

Marketed as a toy, the blowgun is a five-foot-long aluminum tube that fires plastic balls tipped with an adjustable steel needle. It has a range of 200 feet



and can penetrate half-inch-thick plywood, auto tires, small animals and, needless to say, other children.

The Rocky Hill lighting system survived the attack, but potential problems remain. Does the Constitution guarantee citizens the right to bear blowguns? Perhaps Rocky Hill should impose the familiar childhood curfew—everybody go home when the streetlights go on.

HOOSIER HOLIDAY

A fan who wants to see some of the best college football teams in the country

continued

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without any hard traveling might do worse than to spend this fall in Indiana. Eight of SI's Top 20 teams (Sept. 6) will play in South Bend, West Lafayette and Bloomington, and Notre Dame (No. 18) will play five games at home. Here is the schedule:

Sept. 11 Pittsburgh (No. 10) at Notre Dame.

Sept. 18 Nebraska (No. 4) at Indiana.

Sept. 25 USC (No. 5) at Purdue.

Oct. 2 Miami of Ohio (No. 17) at Purdue.

Oct. 23 Michigan (No. 1) at Indiana.

Oct. 30 Ohio State (No. 6) at Indiana.

Nov. 6 Michigan (No. 1) at Purdue.

Nov. 13 Alabama (No. 2) at Notre Dame.

Notre Dame also is at home Sept. 18 (Purdue), Oct. 16 (Oregon) and Nov. 20 (Miami, Fla.).

But what, one asks, does one do with oneself on Oct. 9?

Well, one could watch the baseball playoffs on TV. But a real grid fan would choose from among Indiana Central at Butler, a game that could be a key battle in the Indiana Collegiate Conference, Northwestern at Indiana or Northern Illinois at Indiana State.

SIDEWALK

Robin Roberts, now a member of Baseball's Hall of Fame, told a story the other day to John Steadman of the *Baltimore News American* that would have been right up Bill Stern's oldtime radio alley, a story of how a stroll through the streets of New York changed the course of baseball history.

One afternoon in 1965 when Roberts was playing for the Orioles and they were in New York for a series with the Yankees, Roberts got tired of hanging around the hotel lobby reading the papers and decided to go for a walk. His walk took him to Fifth Avenue and past the office of the Commissioner of Baseball, then Ford Erick. Roberts decided to drop in.

"When I got there," he told Steadman, "I asked where the players' pension fund was kept on record. I saw a little room off to the side and one of the commissioner's own assistants handling our entire operation."

"And when I asked questions and did not get satisfactory answers, I started wondering if this was the way something so important to the players should be administered."

Roberts' wonderings led him to Dr.

George Taylor, a University of Pennsylvania economist, whom he asked to recommend a full-time director for the Baseball Players' Association. Taylor came up with the name of a man who was a labor negotiator and assistant to the president of the United Steelworkers—this is the Bill Stern part—ind that man, sports fans, was none other than Marvin Miller.

Except in a Bill Stern story, somebody usually had polio, and there was music for dramatic effect and then came a Colgate Shave-Cream commercial.

BASIC TRAINING

Though few of the Oakland Raiders have ever taken advantage of the fact, one merit of their training camp in Santa Rosa, Calif., is its proximity to Jack London State Historic Park, a memorial to the dashing turn-of-the-century author of *Call of the Wild*, *White Fang* and *The Sea Wolf*.

Recently, a newspaperman returning to camp after a visit to the park read to Raider Quarterback Ken Stabler a sample of London's prose as reproduced in a park brochure.

"I would rather be ashes than dust! I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot."

"I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. The proper function of man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time."

"What does it mean to you?" asked the newspaperman.

"Throw deep," Stabler said.

EQUINE EQUALS

People sometimes complain that in horse racing the really good colts are taken out of competition and sent to stud almost as soon as they gain a reputation. Look at Secretariat. Look at Wajima. Both were retired at three. The only horses that compete year after year are the geldings—Kelso, for instance, who was Horse of the Year five times and came out of a starting gate for the last time at nine, and Forego, who is going strong at six.

A current favorite of those who like older horses is Maxwell G., still racing in Chicago at the age of 15. Another such grizzled hero is 16-year-old Stonehenge, which recently broke a two-year slump by tottering home first in an 8½-furlong event at Commodore Downs in Pennsyl-

vania. Track officials there elum Stonehenge is the oldest winner in thoroughbred history.

Now Maxwell G.'s supporters are trying to arrange a match race between the two graynanes. We hope the race comes off, and, if there is a trophy, that it will be presented by George Blanda.

DOWN AND OUT, PART II

Last week, when we left the Segun Toros of the Gulf States League, they had gone to sleep on the beach at Corpus Christi rather than submit to yet another 165-mile bus ride home to Segun to save their owner, Dr. Damaso Oliva, the cost of food and lodging.

Now it turns out that Dr. Oliva had an even more ingenious method for reducing the overhead. He charged opposing owners for showing up. Terry Ferrell, owner of the Corpus Christi Sea Gulls, says that Oliva demanded from him and got \$350 to produce his team for a scheduled game on Aug. 17.

The next week Oliva tried again, but this time Ferrell says he refused to pay. True to Oliva's word, the Toros failed to show and the game was forfeited.

Oliva told Ferrell that the money was to pay for the Toros' travel expenses for two extra road games and for the loss of two home dates, both schedule changes brought on by the collapse of another franchise.

Now Oliva is subject to at least \$350 in league fines, and nobody is taking up a collection. On the other hand, there would not seem to be much future in fixing a turnout.

THEY SAID IT

- Dave Bristol, Atlanta manager, when obliged to replace Andy Messersmith in the seventh inning of a 2-2 tie because of a blister. "He'd rather have eaten green flies than come out of that game."

- Jack Billingham, Cincinnati pitcher, after his fourth loss on national TV. "I'm so bad on national television my parents even turn me off."

- Lee Corso, Indiana University football coach: "There's a direct correlation between the hate mail you receive and the guy on the corner's ability to win or lose money."

- Bobby Murcer, on life as an outfielder with the non-contending San Francisco Giants: "I wish I could say something positive about the situation here. I don't mean that in a derogatory way."

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Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 13, 1976

JACK HITS ANOTHER



JACKPOT

Every time someone invents a tournament that might someday be ranked as a major championship, Jack Nicklaus decides he had better win it, as he did the new World Series of Golf in Akron, pocketing \$100,000

by Dan Jenkins



Jack Nicklaus, comma. Having a bad year by his own standards, comma. Bored when there isn't a major championship on the line, comma. Disinterested in money earnings, comma. Well, there's only one thing wrong with all of that. How do you explain the fact that every time they think up a golf tournament of special significance, Nicklaus goes out and hammers everyone so deeply into the bunkers that they think they must be living in a tent in the Sahara?

Jack did it again last week. Professional golf had dreamed up this thing called the World Series of Golf, a new version of it at least, and to make it more important they qualified only the elite of the elite and decided to give the winner a modest check of \$100,000. The hope was that the 20 guests would fight it out to a tie over 72 holes at Firestone Country Club in Akron. But of course there were two things wrong with that.

First, Nicklaus plays the South Course at Firestone from memory better than any tire worker. And, second, with more than a casual eye on the history books, Nicklaus seems to take the precaution of winning any new championship that might someday earn the label of "major" and thus add to the luster of the Nicklaus legend.

For example, they invented the Tournament Players Championship three years ago, and although it has yet to achieve a status above the "mini-major" level, Nicklaus has won it twice. One of those occasions was this year, and as bored with prize money as Jack claims to be, the TPC was worth \$60,000.

When Nicklaus arrived in Akron last week, he insisted his game was not very sharp, and he even went so far as to say, "This is a major tournament, but it isn't a major championship."

continued



One Murakami shot defied the laws of physics.

JACKPOT continued

Nevertheless, Nicklaus was there, and everybody in the field knew what that meant. Firestone was where Jack had won four "old" World Series of Golf, one American Golf Classic and last year's National PGA, and when you totaled it up Akron was also where Nicklaus had earned almost as much money as the Firestone family. In fact, with the \$100,000 he took home last week, Nicklaus has now won close to half a million dollars in Akron during his career, and if you look it up, that bundle alone would place him 41st on golf's alltime money list.

There was a certain amount of fooling around with Jack's turf over the first two rounds: Dave Hill and Japan's Takashi Murakami tied for the first-round lead at 67, and Hubert Green fired a 65 the second day to take over. But they were just kidding themselves. As Hill said, "Jack has to win. For a hundred thou', my Adam's apple might beat my brains out, and I'll hit it outside the ropes so many times I'll have to buy a gallery ticket."

Green, always a fighter, tried to pretend they all had a chance, even though Nicklaus assumed the lead after 54 holes

and was two strokes ahead of Hubie and Murakami with Sunday's round yet to come. "Jack puts his polyesters on the same way the rest of us do," Green said hopefully.

As it turned out, what Nicklaus did not do was hit his irons and roll his puts like the rest of the field. In both Sunday's and Sunday's rounds, Nicklaus stuck some of the deadliest irons anyone had ever seen him hit into Firestone's greens, and it seemed impossible for him to miss a putt. If he hit a wild tee shot into the trees or rough, which he occasionally did, out would come a remarkable iron shot and down would go a putt to save his par or give him birdie.

So when the tournament was over, Nicklaus had rounds of 68-70-69-68—275 on a course where only one other player, Hale Irwin, closing with 67, managed to break par of 280. Nicklaus won the World by four strokes, and when you stopped to think about it, how could anything be called the world championship of golf, in this day and age, without Jack Nicklaus winning it?

The only other question last week was what had Nicklaus won? As the week began, no one around Firestone knew exactly what to think of this "new" World Series. With only 20 players in the field—good as they were—the tournament had the atmosphere of an exhibition, and the sparse crowds on Thursday and Friday contributed to this feeling. The old World Series was certainly an exhibition of sorts, a weekend affair of only 36 holes, limited to four competitors—the winners of the year's major championships—and it generally wound up being televised against several dozen college and pro football games. First place was worth \$50,000 and wasn't included in official earnings. In short, it was a dog.

Commissioner Deane Beman's grand plan was to add a snappy season-ender to the PGA tour, not a fifth, sixth or eighth major championship, as he kept putting it, but a special event that would—ahem—"transcend" the Masters and the U.S. Open and the British Open and the National PGA. He got Firestone to host it and help bankroll it, along with the PGA of America, which is that society of club pros who won't give you a discount on your new Hogan irons.

Beman labored over a format that would assure the best field possible. Guys qualified by winning one of the four major championships or by winning more

than once on the regular tour or by accumulating enough points in a series of events falling into categories christened by Beman as the Winter, Spring and Summer Tours. As far as the World Series was concerned, the 1976 tour ended two weeks ago, and the 1977 Winter Tour begins this week in Pinehurst. Except for one thing. Official money earnings for 1976 continue through the calendar year. Clear? Certainly. The golf tour was either over or not over in Akron.

Through much of the tournament, the chitchat was about two things: the rules of golf and how they had taken Johnny Miller out of contention, and curious little Murakami, who singlehandedly put the World in Deane Beman's Series.

Miller came to Firestone with his usual armload of kids and every expectation of playing well. His year has been a good one—three victories including the British Open. He said he was up for the event even though he chose not to wear a coat for the flag-raising ceremony, and he was only one over par through the first 14 holes. But he learned on the 15th tee that he had an extra club in his bag, a little sawed-off putter that belonged to his son John. The penalty was four strokes, which probably had something to do with Miller's taking a double bogey on the 16th hole and finishing with 76. From there on he played with the casual attitude of a man who gets very bored when he isn't shooting 61.

"If it had been a plastic toy, there would have been no penalty," said Jack Tuthill, the PGA's tournament director. "It was a club with a grip, a shaft and a blade—the cutest little Bulls-eye you ever saw."

Later into the opening round the saga of Takashi Murakami began. He was a genial man who could only say "Good morning" and "Good evening" in English, and he qualified by virtue of leading the Japan PGA Order of Merit. Murakami had flown about 14 hours to reach Akron barely in time for one practice round, but he sank every putt he looked at on Thursday and astonished everyone when he was tied for the first-round lead. He was still tied for the lead after a few holes on Sunday, but he finally gave way, finishing ninth.

Through an interpreter, Murakami took an hour and a half to describe his 26 first-round putts and say he admired Sam Snead and Jack Nicklaus.

Well, if Murakami was suffering any

jet lag after crossing the dateline backward, the 67 cured it. And if that didn't do it, then his four-wood did on Friday. At Firestone's 16th hole, a long, narrow par-5 on which Lee Trevino was later to make a nine and Ben Crenshaw an 11, Murakami tried to play himself off the leader board by hitting the four-wood straight at the pond on the front right of the green.

It was not a screamer, the kind of shot one might expect to skip across the water if the golfer was a churchgoer. It sailed high and it looked to be plunging straight into the pond. Which, in fact, it did. Except that the ball bounced off the water and up onto the green as if it had struck a cart path.

There was no explaining how a golf ball could do this. All anyone could do was bow. On the other hand, if it had been Johnny Miller, the officials might have checked his ball for a balsam cedar.

So it wasn't until Sunday afternoon that everything became normal again. It was then that Jack Nicklaus arose from the crowd to coast along, smiling at the gallery and his putter simultaneously, and winning again.



Miller, caddy, bag and, presumably, 14 clubs

HIS PAY WAS A HANDSHAKE



No hundred-grander went to amateur Sander

In an age when even spelling bees offer big money, there is something charming about a game whose reward is a headline—and maybe not that—in a local newspaper. Indeed, it was not the lure of \$100,000 or even the gift of silver ball markers that brought 200 of the world's finest amateurs to Bel-Air Country Club in Los Angeles last week for the 76th U.S. Amateur Championship. It was merely the opportunity to compete for and possibly win the same title that Bobby Jones, Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus did.

While a number of great players have won this championship, there have been a few who needed lead weights in their cuffs to keep from blowing off the golf scene. Only time will measure the weight class and career of young Bill Sander, this year's champion.

Early in the week, the 20-year-old performed with the inconsistency of a player who had won little else but a few city championships. Then he found his touch, and in the 36-hole final on Sunday he shellacked Parker Moore Jr. 8 and 6, the biggest winning margin since 1961 when Dudley Wysong was beaten by this chubby kid from Columbus, Ohio. For his final 59 holes in the tournament, Sander hardly played like an amateur. He was four under par.

The final match was between players from opposite parts of the country—Sander of rainy Seattle, Moore from Laurens, S.C. Sander is a freshman at the University of Houston, having left Brigham Young after one semester. Moore, 23, is a recent graduate of Clemson and the champion of the Atlantic Coast Conference.

In the final, the younger and longer-hitting Sander never let Moore in the match, jumping out to a 5-up lead after nine holes. Moore rallied by winning five of the next six

holes, but Sander took the final three with pars and made the turn a comfortable 4 up. This allowed him the luxury of playing a cautious final 18, but even so he moved steadily ahead to his remarkably easy victory.

Bel-Air was a fitting playground for the Amateur, having long been one of the golf enclaves of Los Angeles. Its first club professional, Joe Novak, now 78, is still the pro emeritus there. But while the Amateur means tradition and decorum and USGA blue blazers, it can also be a launching pad for bigger things. A good showing in the tournament goes a long way toward building a national reputation, attracting sponsors and gaining confidence for a shot at the pro circuit. Here again, Bel-Air fits. Hollywood is nearby, and many of the club's members are entertainers.

The tournament opened on Tuesday, and quickly the youngsters started knocking off the smattering of veterans in the field. The 1972 champion, Vanny Giles, was the first to fall. Despite playing even par, Giles was beaten on the 20th hole of his opening-round match by Donald Reese. Former Walker Cuppers Ed Tatwiler and Downing Gray were casualties in the second round, as was two-time winner Gary Cowan.

Match play is hated by some, revered by others. It matters not so much how well you play as long as your opponent does not play better. Dick Siderowf, the two-time British Amateur champion who was bidding to win the British and American championships in the same year, was 21 over par in his first two matches but won both. His errors finally caught up to him in the fourth round Friday morning, and he was eliminated by Moore.

After Friday morning, only 16 players remained, all of them youngsters. Their average age was 21, the oldest was Wes Meke, 29, of Houston, the youngest Frank Fuhrer III, 17, whose father owns the Pittsburgh Triangles of World Team Tennis. One of the survivors, Jim Mason, 22, had beaten Fred Ridley, the defending champion, in the fourth round.

By Saturday morning, the remaining eight quarterfinalists were not only young, but four of them had strong ties to Brigham Young University, either as active or former players. Sander had one of his finest days, shooting a 69 in the morning to beat Skeeter Heath, then whumping Mason 8 and 7 in the afternoon with a 31 on the front nine.

That left it between Sander and Moore, an extra-hole winner over Stan Souza after having edged Mike Reid, who was the first-round leader in the U.S. Open. They went off in the early morning mist at Bel-Air Sunday, playing for a cup filled not with riches but with memories.

—BARRY McDERMOTT

WON THE HEATS, LOST TO THE HEAT

Billy Houghton wanted to scratch Steve Lobell from the fourth heat of The Hambletonian, and he was both wrong and right: the colt took the trotting classic and \$131,762 in 90" weather but, as Billy feared, collapsed afterward **by Douglas S. Looney**

Ordinarily, you do not think of The Hambletonian in terms of life and death. The preeminent U.S. trotting race has a country-fair setting in Du Quoin, Ill., and half a century of generally genteel racing behind it. But there are no guarantees, and last week's Hambletonian will be remembered because two fine animals had close brushes with death.

At one point, after the finish of the second heat, the colt widely expected to be this year's best 3-year-old trotter and already syndicated for \$1.5 million, could be seen standing forlornly in the middle of the track. A bone in Nevele Thunder's left leg had been shattered and at first it was thought that he would have to be destroyed; two hours of veterinary work saved him. Then later when the racing was all over, but with Thunder's narrow escape still on the minds of many, the chilling word spread through a post-race party on the fairgrounds that the winner of The Hambletonian, Steve Lobell, had collapsed in his stall. And another frightening scene followed: vets rushed to the stricken animal, set up floodlights, applied cold cloths, rubbed him with alcohol, injected him with fluids and vitamins to reduce his temperature—and saved him, too. Afterward the vets said it was a case of shock brought on by exhaustion.

These two episodes underlined growing sentiment that The Hambletonian format be changed. First, the field for the \$1st running of the race had consisted of 18 horses—too bulky, many felt. Certainly the heavy traffic had led, indirectly at least, to Thunder's mishap. Second, a horse must win two heats, and there can be as many as four heats—the winners of the first three settling matters in the fourth. That was the case Saturday in 90" heat. Too much. Indeed, before the final heat, Billy Houghton, Steve Lobell's driver and trainer, had tried to convince Dick Herman, one of Lobell's owners, to scratch the horse from the competition. "I am really afraid he might race his guts out," Houghton told him. Herman agreed with Houghton that four heats was "inhumane," but he also had

to think about the nearly \$32,000 third-place money Lobell would win just by showing up for the race. Reluctantly, he told Houghton to try.

Hambletonian Day dawned cloudy in Du Quoin, and even as people were rising and beginning to assess the weather, Billy Houghton and his son Peter were handling their first problem of the day: Which of them would drive Steve Lobell and which would drive Quick Pay? The horses, both trained by the Houghtons, were considered about equal, and so a coin was flipped by Billy's wife Dottie. Said Houghton, "Heads I'll take Quick Pay, tails Steve Lobell." It was tails; Dottie later put the fateful quarter in a cigarette machine in a grocery store. So much for sentiment.

There was no clear favorite in the 18-horse field—which was why, of course, the field was so large. Actually, no one could even agree on the best six or eight starters. What everyone did know, however, was that the purse of \$263,524 was the largest ever offered for a single trotting event and that the winner's share of nearly \$132,000 would fit in most any bank account just fine. Each of the six major races this year leading up to The Hambletonian had been won by a different horse.

Most favorable pre-race attention centered on Pershing, whose California-based owner, Joe Mendelson, names his horses after military heroes and Notre Dame luminaries. "I consider myself a cross between Knute Rockne and Douglas MacArthur," he says. Mendelson also said that Pershing had been prepared specifically for this race only: the question was whether Pershing knew it.

The fastest 3-year-old time of the year, 1:57½, had been registered by Tropical Storm, and that turned some betting heads. Aladdin Hill was a beautiful animal, a specimen of what God intended the perfect horse to look like, except that a little speed may have been left out. Lola's Express had backing, partly because any male named Lola probably had

to be tough and also because, as veteran driver-trainer-owner Delvin Miller said of him, "He's like Julius Boros. He doesn't get all served up." As for his own horse, Soothsayer, Miller was gloomy. "I have two chances," he said, "slim and none."

The early leader in the first heat was Peridot Pride. This was a horse trained until a couple of weeks ago by Houghton, who thought so little of him that he sold him for \$75,000—the equivalent on The Grand Circuit of two box tops and 50¢. All the way around it was Peridot Pride. Into the stretch it was Peridot Pride. And the winner was Zoot Suit. Zoot Suit? Well, he was the unflavored member of the two Dancer entries. Thunder naturally being the star. Zoot Suit had a rep for being unable to beat good horses. Drver Vernon Dancer, Stanley's

A still fresh Steve Lobell, with Houghton driving, equalled the world mark winning the second heat



brother, was something beyond ecstatic, saying, "I just set him again." Pershing, obviously getting ready for the kill, was a smooth third. Thunder got tangled up with Miller's Soothsayer and came home last. Steve Lobell kicked a shoe, went off stride, finished 14th and left Haughton grumbling about everything.

Less than an hour later, the mob of 18 did it all again. Steve Lobell took command at the top of the stretch and breezed home. He was first by 3½ lengths and was timed in 1:56½, equaling the world record set by Stanley Dancer with Super Bowl in the 1972 Hambletonian. Second was the only filly in the field, Armbrö Regina. Driver Joe O'Brien, asked her chances before it all started, just shook his head. But at least Regina was showing marked improvement; in the first heat she had finished 17th. Third was Peter Haughton with Quick Pay. Pershing was fourth.

Back up on the track, Stanley Dancer was standing beside Thunder. The horse's left front leg obviously was bro-

kem, but he was still standing. What few knew was that in any event this was to be Thunder's last race before retirement to stud. "He has been a champion," said Dancer of the horse that was the best 2-year-old trotter in the country last year. "He has earned a rest." While awaiting the initial word from the vets, Stanley sat on Thunder's yellow water bucket with his head in his hands. He had been trying to avoid a slow horse that had gone off stride in front of them. "I heard it crack," said Dancer. "It sounded like a gun." It was hours later that he learned Thunder's life was not in danger; the horse had sustained a severe fracture of a small leg bone between the ankle and foot, a common injury, especially when horses tire.

With Nevele Thunder out of it and a couple of other horses having withdrawn, a smaller field contested the third heat Quick Pay, strong all day, led nearly up to the place where they pay the winners, but in a whoosh here came Joe O'Brien and Armbrö Regina, equaling the all-age

filly and mare world record of 1:56½. Surprising Zoot Suit was second by a head and Quick Pay was third. Steve Lobell was fourth, Pershing fifth.

Now it was the three winners for the final heat—Zoot Suit, who hates apples and carrots, Steve Lobell, with soft feet; and Armbrö Regina, with great falgus. Setting off on their fourth mile journey in less than four hours, Zoot was tucked in behind Armbrö Regina. As for Lobell, Haughton recalls, "I just thought I'd go nice and easy for third money." But as the sun was sinking behind the cornfields, he went to the front with a rush and won by half a length. Armbrö Regina was second, but along the way clearly had drifted in front of Zoot Suit. So Zoot was given second place and second money of \$65,881, while O'Brien's filly was reduced to third and \$31,622. O'Brien had no complaints. The time was 2:02½, and O'Brien said, "I wish I had two acres of air-conditioned pasture to put all these horses in."

Attendance was an estimated 14,000 and wagering on the four Hambletonian heats was a bet-and-piggle \$115,512. People around Du Quoin like the races, but they save their money for the cotton candy and the salt-water taffy.

Later, celebrating the victory before his collapse, Steve Lobell quaffed a vodka and tonic and nosed a piece of cake. Having won the Yonkers Trot in July, he has a chance at trotting's Triple Crown—assuming he returns to form sufficiently for Haughton to enter him in the Kentucky Futurity next month in Lexington.

But Haughton, who insists The Hambletonian doesn't mean all that much to him (he won it in 1974 with Christopher T., which he didn't think was really good enough to be entered), says, "I like winning both ends of a daily double just as much." He could be excused for feeling smug about having talked Herman out of accepting a \$200,000 offer for Steve Lobell just the week before. The price on the horse, ranked at the start of the season only the 22nd-best trotter in the country, may have just doubled.

Although Herman ordered up a case of champagne, he was still disturbed by what had almost happened. "It's inhumane," he said of the four-heat format. "We're digging holes in Mars and they're racing in the 19th century."

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNY MILLAN



HE'S A DISH ONLY BEHIND THE PLATE

Thurman Munson has a squat body and a prickly personality, but he is a catcher without peer, a .302 hitter and the best bet to win the MVP award

by Larry Keith



Winner of three Gold Gloves, Munson tied a Yank record by committing only one error in a season.

At 29 years of age and late in his seventh major league baseball season, Thurman Munson of the Yankees is finally learning to relax. Not let up, mind you, just relax. He is still no Mr. Congeniality, but he is becoming less the cranky, what-the-hell-do-you-want misanthrope of earlier years. Just the other day Munson signed an autograph, gave a civil answer to a reporter's question and allowed as how he was not the only catcher in organized baseball. The best, he said, but certainly not the only one.

And the truth is, Munson is the best and probably has been for the last two seasons. As if Munson's own mounting accomplishments were not proof enough, it should be pointed out that the Reds' sore-shouldered Johnny Bench appears to be in decline, Carlton Fisk of the Red Sox is constantly in disrepair and Car-

dinal Ted Simmons and Pirate Manny Sanguillen do not have Munson's all-round abilities. It is public acceptance of the notion that Munson is the No. 1 big-league catcher—and perhaps even the Most Valuable Player in the American League—that has encouraged him to reveal a better side.

By becoming the best at his position, Munson is following a Yankee tradition that began with Bill Dickey and has continued with little interruption for 47 years. Dickey begat Yogi Berra, who begat Elston Howard, who begat Munson. It is the baseball equivalent of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, none of whom ever hit .300. Consider, too, this startling statistic: in the 43 years the All-Star Game has been played, a Yankee catcher has been named to the American League team 42 times. None of this has

been lost on Munson, who notes that Dickey's birthday occurs just one day before his, that Howard has given him special basing advice and that Berra—heaven forbid!—has "charisma." Berra, in turn, notes that the 5' 10", 195-pound Munson has a Berra body.)

Munson may soon belong to an even more exclusive club. In the history of the American League, a catcher has been named Most Valuable Player only five times: Mickey Cochrane of Detroit in 1934, Berra in '51, '54 and '55 and Howard in '63. Now Munson has a good chance of winning the award. MVPs are traditionally players from championship teams who have had good years. Munson qualifies on both counts. At the end of last week, the Yankees had the widest divisional lead (11½ games) in either league, and Munson's .302 average, 87

RBI's, 13 homers, 14 stolen bases and excellent catching have been major factors in building that margin. The only thing that could block Munson's selection is the equality of talent on the American League's two first-place teams. Centerfielder Mickey Rivers (.310, 65 RBIs, batting leadoff, 89 runs and 41 steals) and First Baseman Chris Chambliss (.294 and 87 RBIs) of the Yankees and Third Baseman George Brett (.331 and a league-leading 178 hits) and Centerfielder Amos Otis (.288, 74 RBIs and 16 homers) of the Royals will contend with Munson for the honor.

Even Fisk gives grudging support to Munson's candidacy. "Yeah, I guess he's the most logical choice," he says. This is a significant endorsement, because Fisk and Munson are not what you would call the friendliest of enemies. Their rivalry began in 1972 when Fisk was Rookie of the Year. "For a while it was like I didn't even exist," Munson recalls bitterly. "He got all the publicity and most of the All-Star votes. I don't hold it against him personally, but he's never been as good a catcher as I am. If we were on the same team, I might even like him, but he'd have to play another position."

Munson has the credentials to back up his boast. He is well into his fourth season as a .300 hitter, and with only seven errors he could win his fourth consecu-

tive Gold Glove Award. In July he played in his fifth All-Star Game—though only his second as the starter. These are only the most obvious reasons. Baseball insiders stress his durability, his consistency, his aggressiveness and his intelligence in handling pitchers. When Detroit's Ralph Houk was managing the Yankees six years ago, he called Munson "just about the best young catching prospect I've ever seen." Today Houk considers him "the best in the league, without question. He can steal a base, go from first to third on a single, break up a double play, hit for average and drive in runs. He'll hit behind the runner and hit to all fields. He's a good thrower. And he's a winner, very competitive, the Pete Rose type." As such, he may be the only man alive who can get two hits while still suffering from the aftereffects of being beaten by Nolan Ryan, which is exactly what Munson did two weeks ago.

Munson has done all this and more in the Yankees' quest for their first pennant since 1964. His batting average has been over .300 since mid-May, reaching a high of .339 after a phenomenal three-game July stretch during which he had 10 hits and 10 RBIs in 13 trips to the plate. His RBI total puts him among the league leaders and his 13 home runs (including an 11th-inning shot that beat Kansas City 1-0 to break a Yankee slump in early Au-

gust) top the league's catchers. "I played just as well last year," Munson says. "The only reason I'm getting more recognition now is that we're winning."

New York Manager Billy Martin agrees. Before the season, he made Munson the first team captain of his managerial career—and the Yankees' first since Lou Gehrig retired in 1939. Munson's response may have constituted the most candid acceptance speech ever. "I'll be a terrible captain," he said. "I'm too belligerent. I cuss and swear at people. I yell at umpires, and maybe I'm a little too tough at home. I don't sign autographs like I should and I haven't always been very good with writers." So why did Martin appoint this ill-tempered wretch? "Thurman goes all out all the time," Martin says. "He deserved the recognition." Munson would not dispute that. "I should have been named long ago," he says.

Munson's outspokenness makes him a difficult person to know and even more difficult to like. But few of his outbursts should be taken very seriously. "Bleep Abner Doubleday," he said recently, for no apparent reason except that there was no suitable target around.

Naturally, he is understood best and appreciated most by his teammates. Dock Ellis, who has reestablished himself as a pitcher of merit after being banished

continued

A .300 hitter for the fourth time, Munson is also batting for the RBI title.



A teammate once said: "Bussy, let this walrus off at Sea World."



from Pittsburgh, calls Munson "The Brain." "His knowledge of the hitters helped me get off to a fast start," says Elias, who has a 14-6 record. "He has me throwing a lot more sinker balls, too. And several times he has talked the manager into keeping me in the game when I knew Martin really wanted to pull me."

Reliever Sparky Lyle says that pitchers like Munson because "he calls the game based on who the batter and pitcher are, not what he might be looking for if he were the batter." It is a responsibility Munson takes seriously. "Knowing the hitters is what makes a good catcher," he says. "It's not how many runners you throw out or how many balls in the dirt you block."

Among the Yankee pitchers, Catfish Hunter is probably friendliest with Munson. When Hunter was being pursued as a free agent by the Yankees last year, Munson called him at home every day. "Drove me crazy," Hunter laughs. When the Catfish was finally landed, he quickly grew close to Munson, who became a fishing buddy and an apartment mate when Hunter's family returned to North Carolina before the 1975 season ended. Since then they have bought homes near each other in New Jersey. "Thurman's the only player I've ever seen who busts his butt all the time," says Hunter. "Of course, I like to get on him a lot by saying he's the only guy in the league who never hit a home run off me. But he says it's because I was always knocked out before he had a chance to hit. When I played against him, I never knew he was this good a guy."

Well, if not good, certainly better than he used to be. It is no coincidence that Munson started to mellow just when he began to receive increased recognition. Now that people are telling him how good he is (instead of the other way around) he has fewer self-doubts and less reason to hide behind a supercharged ego. "I'm changing. I'm more mature. I accept things better," Munson says. "Egonism is a front for insecurity."

Diane Munson, who knew her husband when he was a three-sport star back home in Canton, Ohio, says Thurman has always thought highly of his athletic skills. "But he wasn't always so grouchy," she says. "He'll growl and swear rather than deal with a situation directly. He even scares me at times. He'll leave the house for a game and kiss all the kids, then when he comes home, he's com-

pletely different. Sometimes when we're in public I just cringe at the way he acts."

Diane, who is as friendly and open as Munson can be irritable and withdrawn, has put up with Thurman since she was 10 years old. "I knew I loved him then, and I must admit that I really pursued him," she says. "It helped that I was a tomboy I would go on his paper route with him and play catch in the yard. It took him a while to discover I was a girl. Sometimes, just to impress his friends, he'd call me a pest. Things finally began to change when we got to high school. He was always playing some kind of sport, and to stay in shape he would run the mile to my house, kiss me and run right back home."

The Munsons were married in September 1968, after Thurman dropped out of Kent State and began his professional career as the Yankees' No. 1 draft choice. Ninety-nine minor league games later he was New York's regular catcher. "I want to be as good as I can as fast as I can," he said that first season—and he attained his goal even though it took him a while to get started. He was batting around .240 just before the All-Star break, when Houk called him into his office and said, "Don't worry about your hitting. You can help this club even if you but only .250." This is a common sentiment in baseball, which is probably why there are so many weak-hitting catchers. But Munson would have none of it. "Damn it," he told his startled manager, "I can hit .300 in this league." Which he did, finishing at .302 and becoming the first catcher ever to win the American League Rookie of the Year award.

The next season, 1971, was different. Munson's average plunged to .251. It was of little solace to him that he tied Howard's Yankee catching record by committing only one error. He was greatly distressed, and his confidence, Diane says, was "destroyed. He would stand in front of the mirror at home swinging his bat and wondering what he was doing wrong. He would say, 'Maybe I'm not the player I think I am.'"

Munson has not doubted himself since, increasing in confidence and self-esteem while waiting—impatiently—for everyone else to give him his due. Any lingering inferiority he may have felt had less to do with his performance on the field than with the image reflected in his mirror. "My build works against me," he once said. "I'm a short, chunky guy, I'm

not the athletic hero type. Fisk is tall, lean and more attractive."

In a football locker room, the thick-bodied, mustachioed Munson would look right at home. But baseball players remark how unsuited he seems for their game. "Hey, Bussy," Outfielder Lou Piniella yelled as the team rode to a spring training game, "let this walrus off at Sea World." Score one for Piniella, but Munson can give it back double when he wants to. "I like to dig at people," he says. For him it's a test to see how strong they are. If they can take it—or come back with suitable insults of their own—he respects them. "I like strong, independent people," he says. "That's the way I like to think of myself."

That's Munson, all right. A man's man and one of the boys. No phony sophistication. "Strictly meat and potatoes," says his wife. "We're so down to earth we probably repulse people."

If Munson wanted to, he could cut a more genteel figure. It is ironic, but true, that nasty old Thurman, who looks like a walrus and gets his uniform dirtier faster than anybody else on the team, is one of the wealthiest men in the major leagues. This has little to do with the four-year \$720,000 contract he signed before this season began. During the negotiations he made it clear he would not mind being traded to Cleveland, where he could keep a closer watch over his extensive real estate holdings in Canton.

The twinkling initials in Munson's pinkie ring are made of diamonds. Add it all up and he's worth more than a million dollars. His business career began at the same time and had the same rapid success as his baseball career. He took his bonus money and bought a piece of property which, Diane says, "no one thought was worth a thing." Six months later Munson sold it for a \$12,000 profit, and a wheeler-dealer was born.

"I've got some silent partners who have given me advice," he says, "but now I know the business well enough that I can make most decisions on my own. You see so many guys who leave baseball with nothing. I never wanted that to happen to me. Security is very important."

Security is the one thing he has plenty of. Plenty of money in the bank, a few base hits and first place in the standings can do that for a man. Which is why if you look very closely these days you might see Munson cracking a smile behind that cold steel mask.

END



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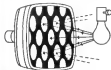
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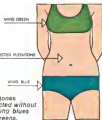
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THE DIPSEA DOODLE

The race is only 6.8 miles long, but its 2,000 runners go up a stairway, down gullies, through rain forests. Some finish, bloodied and bowed

by Dan Levin

Homer Latimer, a runner himself as well as coach of track and cross-country at Gavilan Junior College in Gilroy, Calif., was a winner last week—and a survivor. As he sprouted into the tiny town of Stinson Beach, on the Pacific Ocean a few miles north of San Francisco, his legs were torn and flecked with blood, and a bright crimson stream flowed from a gash on his forehead down his face and neck and onto his chest. The country's second oldest road race, according to its devotees, the 66th Annual Dipsea Race had claimed another winner. The oldest such event, the Boston Marathon (1897), is something you endure. You bask in the glory of running it. The Dipsea you merely survive.

Latimer, who is only 5' 3", did not celebrate his survival with a plunge into the ocean, but some of the nearly 2,000 competitors did. This is supposedly why the Dipsea is named what it is, although there are those who feel it should be called the Tipsey or the Dippy because, they say, you have to be one or the other to even set foot on the course. They have a point. The Dipsea is only 6.8 miles long, from Mill Valley over a mountainous ridge to the ocean at Stinson Beach, but it has one climb of 1,400 feet, another of 700 and hills far steeper, if not longer, than Boston's notorious Heartbreak Hill. It also has precipitous downhill sections where legs and arms and shoulders have been broken. At Boston only hearts are broken.

Yet, as 52-year-old Peter Mamel, who finished 14th, said, "For me the Dipsea is like *High Noon*. I demand it of myself. I dread it, but I wind up loving it."

That is another thing the Dipsea has: 52-year-old men finishing 14th in a field of 2,000, and 37-year-olds, like Homer Latimer, who win. The secret is handicapping, splitting the huge field into 14 separate groups that start at one-minute intervals. There they all were, at 10 in the morning a couple of Sundays ago, in the town square of Mill Valley, men of

concocted



The huge field, divided into groups according to age and sex, starts at one-minute intervals



Runners fight for balance as the torturous course plunges down precipitous, rutted Suicide Hill



In Sleep Runners the route is a tangled jungle



Sungate winner Latimer cools with a Coors

57 and over in one group, women of 34 and over in another, on back to the last starters—the scratch runners, men 16 to 24, who begin 14 minutes after the first group. Only two scratch runners have ever won the Dipsea: when Ron Elgish, who has run three miles on a track in a commendable 13:37, set the course record of 44:49 in 1974, he finished third. The 1973 winner was a 13-year-old girl, who had a 14-minute head start.

Homer Latimer was in Group Five—men 36 to 38—with about 1,300 people starting ahead of him. Latimer led his group from the start, past groves of redwood trees to the foot of a unique Dipsea hill, a narrow wooden flight of 671 steps. The mob ahead of him on the stairway was like an exaggerated version of a department-store escalator two minutes after a \$10 sale of \$3,000 mink coats had begun. Latimer was ready for the challenge. He had not worn a shirt, in order to be “more slippery,” as he put it, and he bent his diminutive body and charged, making some headway upward past hundreds of pumping elbows. But the going was too slow, so he leaped over the railing of the stairway and plowed up the thickened hillside alongside it, through clumps of blackberry bushes that raked his thighs.

“Pride, pride,” he repeated to himself, one of the things he always preaches to his runners. At the top of the steps he ran through the crowd along a lumpy dirt road that climbed past the Flying Y Ranch, where two neurotic-looking dogs stood mute, perhaps not knowing which runner to bark at first. He reached the lip of a downward slope called Windy Gap—and trouble. There were two ways down, a longer, safer one and a shorter, rougher one through private property. He chose the latter. Down he went, past a fearsome coil of barbed wire, to be confronted by a lady who threatened him with a garden hose and screamed, “Get off my land!” She sprayed him. He said, “Thank you, lady,” and swerved to avoid another coil of wire. It went that way all day at Windy Gap, the lady threatening and spraying, the runners thanking her, and an ineffectual sheriff’s deputy on the road above pointing to the long way and telling the runners, “You go that way or you go to jail.”

After Windy Gap, Latimer sprinted along a short stretch of highway, repeating another of his self-psychisms, “Legs move faster, legs move faster.” He

reached the edge of a drop-off called Suicide Hill, perhaps the Dipsea’s leading bone-breaker. It falls at a 45-degree angle and is all dirt and pebbles, but because it is wide open, it is a place where the better runners rise onto their toes and sprint down to make up time lost earlier. It is a rather terrifying thing to see, not to mention do, but Latimer raced down, yelling, “Flyer coming!” Those ahead of him, most running cautiously, ported to let him through.

He crossed a road and a stream, headed into Muir Woods and up another hard climb called Dynamite Hill. Bay trees and oaks rose from the dark forest floor. He passed 68-year-old Walter Stack (58, Dec 15, 1975), the day’s oldest runner, who was competing in his 14th Dipsea. Latimer patted Stack on the rear as he went by and said, “Way to go, oldtimer.” Stack muttered something unprintable. Latimer passed other older men, and children, too, many with hands and knees bloodied from falls on Suicide Hill. A voice called out, “You’re 24th.”

He left the cool woods and entered a hot, long treeless stretch along a ridge the runners call the Hogsback. The heat hit his face as if it came from an open furnace. It was too much for some runners, after the stairs and climbs and the descents, and all along the path they lay crumpled from exhaustion. “Suddenly, I just fell down,” said a 48-year-old psychiatrist. Others were walking and, with plenty of room to pass, Latimer lengthened his stride. He was going by someone every few steps now.

“I think I can do it,” he thought as he started uphill into another wood, called the Rain Forest. The trees were Douglas firs, and the woods were cool and moist and very still. After less than half a mile the trail rose at a 45-degree angle. This was Cardiac Hill, and for a time the only sound was the panting of the runners. Then someone yelled, “Why is it so quiet in here?” and everyone started talking at once like chickens. Latimer passed Mares, said, “Hi, Pete,” and then went by 45-year-old Gil Tarn, who had bet Latimer a beer he would not be able to overcome Tarn’s three-minute time advantage. Latimer patted Tarn and said, “That was a keg of beer, wasn’t it?”

As Latimer topped Cardiac Hill (elevation 1,400 feet), he was in fifth place. He picked up speed again along a narrow, level, shell-like path that rimmed the top of a steep, grassy ravine. Concen-

continued

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The potential risks to the environment were undeniable. Not just for the destruction of a recreation area. But for the further erosion of our vanishing wilderness heritage.

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And, as the large photograph



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The oil well is in the lower center of the picture. Hard to find, isn't it?

demonstrates, even the oil wells are difficult to spot.

An environmental award for an oil field?

The Wasatch oil field was so hard to notice, the Bonneville chapter of the American Fisheries Society noticed.

For the first time in the 105-year history of the Society, one of its chapters issued an official

commendation to the petroleum company that developed the Wasatch field.

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tration and care were a must here but not easy to achieve. The spectacular California coastline was visible to the north, stretching as far as the eye could see, and to the south the tall buildings of San Francisco glistened in the morning sun. Some runners lost their concentration and their footing, fell and rolled down the ravine, clutching vainly at the grass.

Latimer went on, past Lone Pine Sprang, which boasts a spring but no pines, lone or otherwise. The solitary tree is a redwood. He made good time down a gentle grassy stretch before coming to Swoop Hollow, a sudden, steep-sided chute of dirt and pebbles. Down he plunged, "like a bomb," said 48-year-old Don Pickett, who was poised there. Dust rose from Swoop Hollow in an opaque cloud.

"Straight or right?" Latimer called back to Pickett. "Straight," Pickett replied, and as Latimer dropped down a ski-jump-like shortcut, through poison oak and berry vines, a girl hiker who was watching shouted, "You're third."

Latimer entered another rain forest, this one more like a jungle, called Steep Ravine. The trail was a two-foot-wide path, dark and lined with moss and ferns and vines that looked like snakes. Gnarled trees dipped low over the trail, and thick roots threaded their way across it. This was a place for both head-smashing and ankle-wrenching. Ahead of Latimer, 45-year-old Jim Nicholson tripped and hurt his knee. Beyond the ravine, Latimer passed him and moved into second place.

With a mile to go to the finish, Latimer started up Insult Hill, so named by Pickett—"You've been through so much, and now this..."—and overtook the leader, 41-year-old John Finch. "Like he was shot from a gun," Finch said later. Latimer had a big smile on his face, and he vaulted exuberantly over a fence he easily could have ducked under; he flew so high above it that he almost rolled down the embankment on the other side. Then he all but floated through the gently rolling cow pasture that is most of the

Dipsea's last mile. He had survived, he had prevailed. What danger was left?

He was full of himself now, but as he started across a highway toward the finish, an automobile suddenly appeared in front of him. Latimer twisted to avoid it and fell heavily onto the road, hitting his head and opening a cut over his eye. The Dipsea had prevailed. But Latimer, blood pouring down, got up and went on to win. His time for the 6.8 miles was 50:03. John Finch was second, Jim Nicholson third and Don Pickett fourth.

In seventh place was the first scratch runner to finish, 26-year-old Bob Bunnell. He had the day's best time, 48:03, but most of the adulation went to Latimer, who stood with the other leaders, smiling and wiping off the blood. Bunnell was not bitter. He said, "There are lots of races I can win, the older runners and the kids deserve their day in court, too." Homer Latimer smiled wanly in agreement. His day had not exactly been spent in court, but it certainly had been a trial.

END



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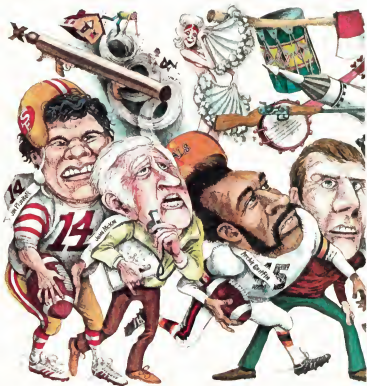
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That thing all those dock workers, meat packers, icemen and railroad brakemen started almost 60 years ago, and which came to be known as professional football, is about to lead us once again on a thundering off-tackle 29 Oley Bob P-Series Power Rade into the grinding teeth of a 56 Stub-I Rex Change defense, if not a 43 Purple Sloop. It is going to happen whether O. J. Simpson likes it or not. Momentarily. Just as soon as the sport's newest glamour-boy-quarterback-hero, Baltimore's Bert Jones, gets his hair combed and his autographing hand taped.

But four long months from now, after the last set of linebackers has run the last "Bazooka" at the last "Calypto" formation, the chances are excellent that the same two teams—Pittsburgh and Dallas—will return to the Super Bowl, this one to be played at the Woody Hayes Memorial Funeral Parlor in Pasadena, Calif., otherwise known as the Rose Bowl.

During the intervening months of soaring incomplections and commercial pauses, however, it is altogether possible that America will not discover very much new about the game it has taken to wearing on its head like a VFW cap. More

than likely, in fact, America will only be reminded that:

- After all these years 14 of the NFL's 28 teams still play in stadiums made for baseball.
- There are only eight certified, guaranteed NFL head coaches: Chuck Noll, Tom Landry, Don Shula, George Allen, Hank Stram, Bud Grant, John Madden and Lou Saban. The number of college dropouts has swollen to eight, and now includes USC's John McKay at Tampa Bay, UCLA's Dick Vermeil at Philadelphia and North Carolina State's Lou Holtz with the New York Jets. But the

CRACKING THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

What happens when Mary signals for the 43 Purple Sloop may determine which NFL teams go Super Bowling in Pasadena

by DAN JENKINS



pro coaches are predominantly a cluster of escalated assistants who have yet to prove themselves. Plus one car dealer, Bart Starr.

- It is easier to place a bet illegally over a New York telephone than legally with the Delaware lottery.

- ABC-TV should be up for a community-service award for keeping Cleveland, Denver, San Diego, Tampa Bay, Atlanta, Seattle, Chicago, Detroit, Green Bay, New Orleans and the New York Giants off Monday Night Football.

- "Limbo" and "Cha-Cha" are signals for the Dallas defense.

- The quarterback breakdown remains the same. The once and future stars: Bert Jones and Atlanta's Steve Bartkowski. The reliables: Terry Bradshaw, Roger Staubach, Ken Stabler, Fran Tarkenton, Bob Griese, Ken Anderson, Jim Hart and Bill Kalmer. And the jury is still out on: Steve Ramsey, Dan Pastorani, Manning-Scott-Douglass, Harris-Jaworski, Joe Reed, Craig Morton, Jim Plunkett, Lynn Dickey, Steve Spurrier, Mike Phipps, Ferguson-Marang, Steve Grogan, Mike Boryla, Jim Zorn, Bob Avellini, Mike Livingston, Longley-Fouts and what is left of Joe Namath.

- Lynn Swann may get to Mars before Viking III.

- Joe Namath has reached the point where he ought to consider peddling Mr. Coffee instead of Brut.

- In a "Cyclone," the "Banjo" chops down a "Rocket" with an "Ax" as long as the "Outlaw" remembers to "Skunk." Got it, Howard?

- Minnesota and Los Angeles should win their divisions by Sept. 26.

- Ohio State's Archie Griffin heard a pass play called in the Cincinnati huddle and didn't know what it was.

- And, finally, the Buffalo Bills have put on a running play inspired by O. J. Simpson and called "The 32 Retainer and a Share of Increased Sales Over Present Dollar Volume."

Although the season lies ahead, many of the big stories of Pro Football '76 are already behind us. So, for those who may have missed them, they are re-created here as accurately as possible:

NEW YORK—Larry Csonka, who twice led the Miami Dolphins to Super Bowl glory and once led the World Football League to dissolution, signed a contract today with the New Jersey Dwarfs. Terms of the contract were not revealed but it is known that Csonka has agreed to carry the ball at least 12 times during

continued

PRO FOOTBALL continued

the 1976 season. In exchange, Csonka has reportedly received from the Dwarfs:

1. \$4 million spread over the next six months.
2. A helicopter.
3. A penthouse duplex.
4. 300 tickets to each game.
5. \$5,000 a month to entertain clients.
6. A Bloomingdale's charge-a-plate.
7. Notification well in advance of any "Waco Hammer" rotation on the part of an opposing team's defense.
8. Six dozen first-class round-trip plane tickets for friends.
9. A 20-year loan of \$10 million at minimum legal interest rates.
10. A makeup artist for road games.

SAN FRANCISCO—Columnist Herb Caen, speaking for the City by the Bay, said it was unfortunate that San Francisco had to give up the Golden Gate Bridge and Union Square but it may have been worth it to obtain Quarterback Jim Plunkett for

the 49ers. Plunkett said his five years' experience without pass receivers in New England would prove invaluable to him in his new role.

"All I have to do is learn what a 60 Basic Split Post is," he said.

KANSAS CITY—The All-Fellowship of Christian Athletes Team was announced today with several repeaters, including the Steelers' Ernie Holmes and free agents Joe Gilliam and Mack Herron. The 11-member all-star team, selected on arrests rather than actual convictions:

- Possession: Ernie Holmes, Steelers; Darryl Carlton, Dolphins; Ken Payton, Packers; Shelby Jordan, Patriots; and Gilliam.
- Firecrackers on airplane: Terry Metcalf, Cardinals.
- Holding Vitamin C: Mack Herron, cut by Rams.
- Herb in car: John Matuszak, Redskins.

- Accident-scene leaving: Jeff Winans, Raiders.
- Disturbing peace: Scott Anderson, Vikings.
- Punching bicycle rider: Mark Koncar, Packers.

Each member of the all-star team will receive gallery proofs of Lance Rentzel's new book and life-size posters of W. K. Hicks, Warren Wells, Paul Hornung and Alex Karras.

EAST RUTHERFORD, N.J.—Quarterback Craig Morton of the New Jersey Dwarfs said today he is contemplating legal action against a clothing manufacturer he represents for using his picture in a magazine ad. Morton said the photograph, which showed the veteran passer in bikini briefs, had forced him to change his phone number 27 times since it appeared.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—After visiting 12 different training camps and interviewing as many coaches, owners and players as possible, Running Back John Riggins selected the Washington Redskins today as his new NFL team. Riggins said money was no consideration. "I wanted the club with the most colorful terms," Riggins said. "Things like Log, Smack, Adios, King, Queen, Jack, Ace, Pie, Poc and Double Poc."

Riggins explained that it had been very dull playing for the Jets where they only used such expressions as "Bubble" to describe an area covered by a linebacker.

"Coach Allen says if our Do Dads and Tares and Obies work the way they're supposed to, I can make some yardage off the Witch, provided the tight end isn't tailored," Riggins said.

A spokesman for George Allen said this was not necessarily true if the Redskins were playing Dallas, which might be in a "Rifle," "Pistol" or "Mambo" coverage.

Observers at the Redskins' training camp say it probably doesn't matter. Bill Kilmer has been running the "Woolworth" 40 perfection without risking a "Bingo," and the "Sally Rand" has not come up against a single "Orvil," "Zelda" or "Ruby Doo."

WILMINGTON, DEL.—All 187 residents of this state apparently favor legalized betting on NFL games, but just how popular the lottery cards will be with tourists remains to be seen.

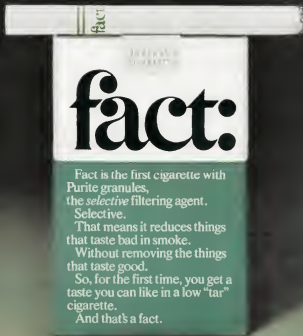
Typical of fan reaction was that of An-

continued



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gelo (Hit the Middle) Rossoff, a longtime NFL enthusiast who says he has frequently flown over Delaware. Rossoff was in town from Rochester to inspect the computer cards on which a fan must pick all seven winners to share in the lottery pool prize each week.

"It don't do much for the guy who wants a dime on the Colts take 75% and a dime on Miami give 65%," he said. "I'm stayin' home."

TIBOLAND OAKS, CALIF.—Dallas Cowboy Quarterbacks Roger Staubach and Clint Longley got into a pinching contest today during lunch break at training camp. It started when Staubach accused Longley of stealing a milk carton off his food tray. The scuffle between Staubach and Longley was not the first. Earlier in the week they had been seen tugging at each other's chinstraps and untaping each other's socks. It was during the first episode that Longley clearly frogged Staubach on the arm, an act Staubach described as "gutless," inasmuch as he was throwing a pass to Drew Pearson at the time.

"Staubach shouldn't use a word like gutless," Longley said. "It is not part of the Cowboys' terminology. He should have said Wanda or Sarah."

Observers said the scene during lunch was one of near pandemonium. After Longley allegedly stole Staubach's carton of milk, Staubach hollered, "Liz!" indicating a left-side pass rush. When Longley looked away, Staubach took a helping of navy beans off the backup quarterback's plate.

The pinching contest began when Staubach told Longley, "I'm going to catch you in a Skeezix and run a 60 Dig across your Easter Bunny teeth."

Longley countered with, "Hey, Tunnel Vision. Get off my case."

The more experienced members of the press corps who witnessed the incident said it reminded them of the time two other quarterbacks competing for the same job—Washington's Bill Kilmer and Sonny Jurgensen—retreated behind a hedge to have it out but went to get a couple of six-packs first and never returned.

STUDIO CITY, CALIF.—O J Simpson announced today that unless Commissioner Pete Rozelle put an NFL expansion team in St. Tropez he would not play football in 1976.

"I've enjoyed my years in Buffalo, but

now it's time for me to think about being closer to my family and the Cannes Film Festival," Simpson said.

As Simpson spoke, he tried to conceal the fact that his right arm was bandaged, the result of a fall he took recently while filming a Hertz commercial.

Simpson said his decision to play only in St. Tropez or retire was based partly

PETE ROZELLE'S DICTIONARY

BAZOOKA: Blitz by three linebackers

SURBLE: Area covered by a linebacker

BINGO: What a player yells when he intercepts a pass.

CHA-CHAI: Pass rush with one tackle looping behind the other

DO-DAD: Double-team block by the guard and center

EL PASO: Stunt between the defensive end and tackle

FLARE CONTROL: Defense keeping an eye on a back going into the flat

FIRE PROTECTION: Blocking on a quick pass pattern

GEORGE: Tight end and tackle block in, guard blocks out

LIMBO: Pass rush with an end looping behind a tackle or vice versa.

MEG, MAC, MARY: The middle linebacker

MONDO: Pass coverage rotation to the strong side

ORANGE 3: Three-man defensive line

DRIVE: A defensive formation.

RED HOT: Call after a fumble

SARAH or SAM: Strongside linebacker.

SALLY RAND: Naked reverse, what else?

WACO HAMMER: Defensive rotation to the weak side.

WANDA: Weakside linebacker

ZELDA: Prevent defense

20 OLEY BOB: The two-back through the nose hole with a double guard play and the other back blocking a linebacker

43 PURPLE SLOOP: Fake blitz

56 STUB-IREX CHANCE: Combination defense with a linebacker blitz and a stunt on defensive line

60 BASIC SPLIT POST: Deep pass pattern in which the flanker and the tight end cross, with the flanker heading for the goalpost

60 DIG: Two wide receivers cutting across the field on a pass route

on a new contract he had signed with TreeSweet Products.

"Participating in marketing activities can be fun," Simpson said. "Also, TreeSweet doesn't play exhibition games."

It had been rumored that Simpson was willing to be traded from Buffalo to the Los Angeles Rams if the Rams' owner, Carroll Rosenbloom, would assure him

that he would not have to play all four backfield positions at the same time

"That's absurd," Rosenbloom said "O.J. would be asked to do nothing more than play running back, fullback and wide receiver, just as he did at Buffalo."

Simpson said he expected his Hollywood career to blossom more rapidly now that he was free of his football obligations.

"If I can avoid being typecast as a security guard or an elevator operator in TV movies of the week, I think I can make it," he said

Buffalo Owner Ralph Wilson wished Simpson well.

"I don't see why O.J. can't succeed as an actor," Wilson said. "For seven years he did a good job of acting like he didn't hate Buffalo."

OAKLAND, CALIF.—The Oakland Raiders, a team noted for coming up with innovations, have developed yet another novelty for the 1976 NFL season. Specifically, Coach John Madden said his team was going to eliminate confusion by adopting a new terminology. "You won't hear any more 'Mississippi Gambler Open Decks' around here," Madden said. "And we're not going to call a deep pattern a 'Fly' either. We're going to call it an 'Up.' A lot of teams use the word 'Stunt.' I think that has a circus connotation. We'll say 'I was Right' or 'Twist Left.' The same goes for lateral. Too many syllables. We'll use 'Flip'."

Madden said the idea occurred to him last week in a Rieder scrimmage.

"In our lexicon, a fumble has been known as a fumble, and we've had a lot of injuries to guys going after the ball," said Madden. "Now we call a fumble a 'Red Hot' and you don't see as many people banging into each other."

Al Davis, Oakland's managing general partner, was asked what he thought privately about Oakland's chances. "I'll say this much," said Davis. "If Snake can hit the Pop, the Hitch and the Shake, particularly against the Orange Three, and if he can read the El Paso as good as he reads the Tango, there's no reason why we can't Double Sponge anybody, especially if we're using George and their Jill is cheating."

As Terry Bradshaw strums idly on his guitar and Jack Lambert sips from a thermos of warm blood, both awaiting Pasadena, so begins another season.

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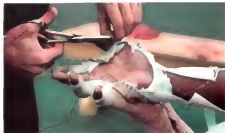
TALE OF THE TAPE



Looking like the cast of *The Mummy's Revenge*, NFL players wind themselves each season in enough adhesive tape to stretch from Maine to California. Moleskin and fiber glass, Masonite and pliable thermoplastic underpin the wrappings to provide more support against the hard knocks of combat, as well as to supply a bit more clout when knees and elbows start flying in the pileups. Off the field, ultrasonic "ray guns," Electrogalvanic Stimulators and Neuromod Pulse Generators aid in relieving aches and pains. As to the most famous knees in football (above), they are protected by Lenox Hill Derotation Braces. How well they work may tell how well the Jets work.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN





Rigid ankles, teutly wrapped elbows and knees, the masses of pulped padding and bloodstained tape that are removed after the day's action all bespeak the armored nature of modern football. The average NFL squad uses 125 miles of tape each season, with 75 miles devoted to the much-abused limbs, wrists and ankles of linemen. Taping also makes it tough to guzzle your Gatorade.







THE LAND OF THE MUMMIES

by ROBERT F. JONES

Tape, lowly tape. What would the world do without it? Ever since the ancient Egyptians first began soaking strips of linen in balam sap some 5,000 years ago, then wrapping their dead pharaohs with it to ensure eternal life, tape has played a major though unsung supporting role in many of mankind's endeavors. Roman gladiators wrapped their calves and forearms, the better to survive the savagery of the Colosseum. Medieval knights taped their chargers' fetlocks to sustain the impact of jousts. During the Civil War, a Union physician named Gibney devised the overlapping, crosshatched taping that now supports the stressed or injured ankles, knees, elbows and wrists of athletes and accident victims alike. Automobile racing crews have been known to tape up wrecked cars and send them back onto the track. Certainly, without tape, lowly tape, the National Football League would collapse from popped Achilles tendons, torn knee ligaments, sprung ribs and separated shoulders.

During peacetime at least, the NFL is probably the largest single consumer of tape in the world. On the average, a team uses 125 miles of the sticky stuff in a given season, with the lion's share devoted to the limbs and ligaments of linemen. Joe Kuczo, the Washington Redskins' head trainer, estimates that he and his three assistants tape a total of 400 ankles a day during training camp. The Redskins tab for tape comes to \$35,000 a year—roughly the yearly wage of a sturdy young interior lineman.

The need for tape and its allies (such as 4 x 8-inch "AstroTurf" bandages" to prevent burns on artificial surfaces and the braces and harnesses that hold injury-prone players like Joe Namath together) is obvious. According to Dr. Edmund Enos, a former University of Connecticut and Canadian Football League player who now heads the biophysical education department at Concordia University

in Montreal, nine out of 10 NFL players were injured to one degree or another last season, and 86% of all high school football players suffered some injury. Enos' statistics show that where the average life expectancy of a male nonathlete is 70 years, that of a football player is only 58. (Boxers, by contrast, can expect to reach 62, and baseball players 65.) "Injuries in sports have hit the epidemic stage," Dr. Enos says. For most injuries the cure is simple: slap on some more tape.

And trainers slap it on in a bewildering array of intricate, individualistic styles. There is the Louisiana Wrap, which employs cloth wrapping under the tape to prevent skin irritation; the Gibney Weave; the Basketweave; the Figure Eight; and the Stirrup, an under-the-foot-and-around-the-ankle wrap. Bubba Tyler, Kuczo's assistant, invented a wrap of his own for Mark Moseley's kicking foot. He tapes it so that Moseley's toes are always pointing up and his ankle is locked, giving him increased height and distance on kickoffs and placements.

"There's been a lot of improvement in tape over the last 20 years," says Dr. Edward Block, B.S., M.S., Ed.D., R.P.T., F.A.C.S.M., who has been head trainer for the Baltimore Colts since 1953. "The adhesive surface is less irritating. It used to be that almost everybody was sensitive to tape. Now relatively few players are. But the techniques haven't changed much since the days of the Egyptians."

Tape alone, though, wasn't enough to protect the painfully broken ribs of Johnny Unitas before the championship game of 1958. "We made a grueling, glorious device for John," recalls Block. "The thing weighed 9½ pounds and was made of hammered aluminum. It got hammered a bit more during the game, and afterward it took two of us to bend it back enough for him to take it off."

Although ankles get the most atten-

tion, and most teams levy fines as high as \$250 on any player who does not get taped before a game, hands are probably most frequently injured. "Many players have a tendency to jam their fingers," says Trainer Dom Gentile of the Green Bay Packers, "so we tape them together. Defensive linemen and linebackers use their hands a lot, so most of them have their whole hands taped. Offensive linemen don't tape their hands, but a lot of them tape their thumbs." Tape sticks both ways, however, so some wide receivers and defensive backs tape their forearms, the better to catch a pass or tackle a ballcarrier.

In the middle of last season, some offensive linemen began using thumb-knuckle-wrist protectors, boxing-style gloves cut down at the fingers, to protect their paws from helmets, cleats and facemask bars in the clangor of the Pit. The gloves save on the time-consuming taping chores of overworked trainers and also permit an occasional knuckle-swinging uppercut when the officials aren't looking.

The most publicized football injuries are those involving knees. The ligaments that hold those crucial and complex joints together are particularly prone to tearing under undue lateral stress. The roster of top running backs whose careers have been cut short by knee surgery is painfully long, including such names as Gale Sayers, Tucker Fredrickson and Steve Owens. Larry Brown of the Redskins has yet to regain his league-leading form since surgery a year and a half ago. The most famous hum knees in football, though, are Namath's. While most players with injured knees wear taping that runs from halfway up the calf to halfway up the thigh, Namath sports the Lenox Hill Derotation Brace, sometimes a pair, sometimes only on the right knee. These intricate gizmos, designed by Dr. James Nicholas and costing \$250 apiece,

continued

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permit free movement of the knee forward and backward, and act as a kind of armor against impact or stress from the side. Bob Maddox, a Kansas City Chiefs defensive lineman (now on the injured reserve list), wears one, and while the brace hampers his lateral movement, it gives him an unfair advantage at the line of scrimmage. Offensive linemen frequently "leg-whip" their opposite numbers, swinging their heavily taped and padded shins around to cut down the enemy. When the whipper's leg collides with the Lenox Hill Derotation Brace, the leg tends to smart. "If he gets hurt by the brace while he's leg-whipping, it's his fault," says Maddox a bit smugly.

Maddox' remark raises the interesting question: To what extent are these "protective devices" used as weapons? Ernie Staumer, the standout defensive tackle of the old, losing Pittsburgh Steelers and now a defensive coach for the Dallas Cowboys, was much feared and respected by his opponents. Staumer's forearms were always heavily taped, and rumor had it that he wore flattened tennis-ball cans under the wrappings, thus giving him a harder wallop. Again and again, officials checked Staumer's arms before a game and found no such contraband. Ralph Berlin, the current Pittsburgh trainer, says that Staumer taped cylindrical tape cartons to his forearms. Whatever, Staumer's forearm shiver was so effective that when he retired he taught his replacement, Ben McGee, to use it. In a game against the New York Giants, Rosey Brown and McGee suddenly came to blows and were thrown out. Later, the placid Brown was asked what had infuriated him so much that he would swing at a mere rookie.

"Man, I been taking those blows from Staumer for 10 years," he said. "That was bad enough, but when this rookie started beating on me, I decided I'd had enough."

To prevent the use of hidden plating, NFL officials question trainers about the players' wraps before each game. Wrist or forearm casts must be covered with three-eighths of an inch of Styrofoam or sponge-rubber padding. If not, back to the dressing room for a rewrapping.

Taping, particularly of the ankles, has been commonplace in the NFL since the league's inception in 1920 and has permeated football down to the Pop Warner level. So now many players take it as a matter of course, having been taped

ever since grade school. However, there is a school of thought which holds that taping is unnecessary and that its main value is to offer psychological rather than structural support. Dr. A. B. Ferguson, a professor of orthopedics at the University of Pittsburgh medical school and a physician for Pitt's football team, says, "By the time an athlete gets through the third year of high school he feels that going in without tape is like going in without pants." Dr. Ferguson contends that taping does not protect against injuries and takes the emphasis away from protective measures that should be used. Moreover, he says trainers are worried they won't have anything to do if wrapping ankles is discontinued.

Indeed, there are enough outstanding players who are not taped excessively to form an All-Star squad. Quarterback Ken Anderson of the Cincinnati Bengals refuses to have his ankles taped, but as Trainer Marvin Pollins says, "He's got ankles like tree stumps." Cincinnati's team physicians don't require taping, and about 15% of the team goes tapeless. Minnesota Vikings Coach Bud Grant, who didn't use tape himself as a player, lets the matter rest in the hands—or feet—of the individual. Defensive Tackle Jim Marshall, who has started every Viking game, goes light on the sticky stuff, and his sidekick, Alan Page, tapes only a couple of previously sprained fingers. Steve Odom, the Green Bay wide receiver and kick returner, feels tape slows his moves. "I don't like anything on my ankles," he says. "I don't use any adhesive tape, just a gauze wrap backed by gummed sponge rubber. And I only use that because I'd be fined if I didn't."

Most trainers are aware of the growing body of medical opinion that sees tape as largely useless, and some even agree that it might be—in sports other than football. "It's not proper to compare football with hockey, rugby, soccer, basketball or baseball," says Raider Trainer George Anderson. "In all of those sports, the general rule is that the contact follows the ball or puck. In football, the contact is there all up and down the line, regardless of where the ball goes. So the contact in football, I'd say, is easily five times greater than in those other sports." But even the "tape myth" adherents agree that taping is necessary to prevent cuts and abrasions, particularly on the new, harder artificial surfaces.

The modern trainer has many new de-

vices in his "crash cart" and training room to augment the use of ancient, controversial tape. There are Buck Rogers gizmos like the ultrasonic "ray gun," the EGS (ElectroGalvanic Stimulator) and the Neuromod Pulse Generator to ease aches and pains on and off the field. A device that has been around for a while—and around which revolves one of the few funny anecdotes to emerge from the world of aches and pains—is the "quick-heat packet," a pouch of chemically treated fluids that is taped over a sore spot and serves as a pain-killer for pulled muscles.

During a Dallas-Washington game a number of years back, Linebacker Sam Huff of the Redskins blitzed Cowboy Quarterback Don Meredith and knocked him sprawling. As Dandy Don lay on the field, a huge, red stain began to spread on the front of his jersey. Huff looked down almost tearfully as Meredith, knowing that it was only the chemical from a ruptured "quick-heat packet," gasped histrionically, begging Huff to lean closer so he could catch Meredith's last words to his mother. Beside himself with remorse, Huff promised he would honor Dandy's dying wishes. Then a Dallas trainer trotted up, took in the scene and burst out laughing.

For all that, the work of the pro football trainer is rarely a laughing matter. Dealing as they do every day with pain and injury and with the prime requirement of remaining cool in times of crisis so they can make decisions that will help rather than aggravate injury, they fight a constant battle between objectivity and compassion. Baltimore's Block is one of the most thoughtful of the breed. "The fundamental problem of athletic training," he says, "is like that of the space scientist. Speed. Anytime you run a machine at its topmost limits—and the human body can be considered a machine—you're absolutely going to encounter problems. Mix a jointed machine like a human body into a system, call it a team, and oppose it with a similar system, and naturally you're going to need a training room."

And miles of tape. Lowly tape.

Scouting reports and bottom-line projections for each of the NFL's six divisions begin on the following page. Mark Donovan analyzes Central developments, Joe Marshall inspects the Eastern front and Ron Reid tells who'll win the West.

CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS



AFC Central

QUARTERBACKS

Cincinnati's Ken Anderson has never posed for a panty-hose commercial or been asked to sing at the Grand Ole Opry, and newspapers continue to refer to him as "The Unknown Quarterback." The Bengals think this is pretty funny. Can the NFL's best quarterback be an unknown? Maybe on Madison Avenue and at CBS control, but in Riverfront Stadium it is hardly a secret that the publicity-shy Anderson, playing for a team that rarely runs the ball, threw only 11 of his 377 passes into the enemies' hands last season; had more completions (228) for more yards (3,169) than anyone else in the AFC; and, according to the computers, was the NFL's most efficient passer (94.1 rating points) for the second straight year. Let it also be known that Anderson is from "little Augustana College," sells real estate and devotes considerable time to charity. "It's not my personality to be a cheerleader," Anderson says. And it's not his job to call Cincinnati's plays either; the Bengals' coaching staff still shuffles them in via messenger guards.

Nevertheless, Anderson's quiet but dynamic accomplishments could force Pittsburgh's Terry Bradshaw to alter his usual holiday plans come Christmas. Instead of chasing Super Bowl No. 3, Bradshaw may find himself ice-skating with

his new wife, professional figure skater Jo Jo Starbuck, or singing Salent Night Country & Western style in Nashville. Hardly an unknown, Bradshaw completely shed his Mr. Teen-Age America image last season when he finally asserted himself as Mr. Quarterback, the Steelers stopped answering him back in the huddle, and he stopped calling "dumb" plays. Bradshaw completed 57.7% of his passes, threw for 18 touchdowns and had only nine interceptions, all career bests. He also received All-Pro recognition for the first time.

If Dan Pastorini stops racing motor-boats, making movies, playing tennis and breaking his foot, Houston may find its offense. The strong-armed Pastorini paid attention only about 47.7% of the time in 1975 when the Oilers finished 10-4, losing two games apiece to division rivals Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. To keep Pastorinis from dozing off, Coach Bum Phillips has acquired 36-year-old John Hadl from Green Bay.

What Cleveland needs is a new Otto Graham. Fast Benched during a nine-game losing streak that began with the opening game, fidgety Mike Phipps returned to quarterback the Browns to three victories in their last five games. He completed 51.8% of his passes but his interception rate (6.1%) was too high and his average gain (5.59 yards) was the worst in the conference. Phipps hardly seems the quarterback of a contender.

OFFENSES

One of Pittsburgh's great assets, particularly in key games, is a remarkably balanced attack. Led by Franco Harris (1,246 yards) and Rocky Bleier (528), the Steeler rushers outgained Bradshaw,

Lynn Swann and the passing game by 89 yards, 2,633 to 2,544. For 1976, thus offense returns almost intact. Line Coach Dan Radakovich insists he has seven first-stringers for five positions. Not one of the seven made All-Pro—or even All-AFC—but as Center Ray Mansfield gloats, "We've all got two Super Bowl rings." In addition to opening holes for the runners, they gave Bradshaw time to complete 49 passes to Superhero Swann, 28 to Harris and at least 10 apiece to seven other Steelers. Rookies Bennie Cunningham and Jack (Hydroplane) Deloplane provide depth at tight end and running back, respectively. And Roy Gerela is a dependable placekicker; he converted 17 of 21 field-goal attempts last season and never missed from inside the 30.

Cincinnati lacked Pittsburgh's balance: The Bengals threw for 3,497 yards but rushed for only 1,819. Not coincidentally, two of their three losses were to Pittsburgh, which, says one Bengal, "always ignores our running game." Now Pittsburgh may have to pay attention.

Archie Griffin (see Newcomer) ran the ball plenty for Woody Hayes at Ohio State, and new Coach Bill (Tiger) Johnson, who succeeds Paul Brown, expects the same from Griffin in Cincinnati. If Griffin and 245-pound Boobie Clark can establish a decent ground game, Anderson's aerial attack will be even more destructive. Burner Isaac Curtis caught 44 passes for an average of 21.2 yards, and always attracts double coverage. Rookie Billy Brooks, the top draft choice who certainly would have caught far more

KEY PLAYER



When the Houston Oilers acquired Curley Culp from Kansas City in '74, they had their usual 1-5 record. Since Culp's arrival, Houston has won 16 games and lost only six. At 6'1" and 265 pounds, Culp plays the punishing nose position in the middle of Houston's three-man line. He is always blocked by at least two linemen but despite this unfriendly attention, he led the Oilers with 11½ sacks last season. Culp sat out most of Houston's pre-season schedule because of a bruised tailbone. Without their leader, the Oilers had an 0-6 record. So if the Oilers hope to make the playoffs, Culp had better get his tail back in there.

than five passes for Oklahoma last fall had the Sooners ever bothered to throw the football, replaces the traded Charlie Joiner opposite Curtis; veterans Chip Myers (36 receptions) and Bob Trumpy (22) are available, too. Another rookie, Penn State's Chris Bahr, should make some of the field goals that Punter Dave Green (10 for 21) missed last year.

Thanks to Billy (White Shoes) Johnson, Houston usually gets strong field position on ball exchanges, but the Oilers' offense too often wastes Johnson's efforts. The 5'9", 170-pound wisp averaged 24.2 yards for 33 kickoff returns and 15.3 yards for 40 punt runbacks last year; he also caught 37 passes for 393 yards, and the average for his five touchdown gallops was 61.2 yards. "Put Billy in a phone booth with someone else," Phillips says, "and it'll be 10 minutes before the other guy touches him." Ken Burrough had 53 receptions for 1,063 yards, the most in the NFL, but he is Pastorini's only dependable target.

If one Pruitt can run for 1,067 yards and catch 44 passes, what will two Pruitts do? Greg, No. 34, Cleveland Browns, compiled those impressive statistics, and now he is joined by Mike, No. 43, no relation, who averaged 4.5 yards per carry in three years at Purdue. The best news around Cleveland, though, is that Paul Warfield has come home, joining Reggie Rucker (60 receptions) and Tight End Oscar Roan (41) to give the Browns a potent receiving corps.

MIDDLE LINEBACKERS

At 218 pounds, Mean Smilin' Jack Lambert is probably too small for this position. And at 24, only two years out of Kent State, he is probably too inexperienced. But he will probably be All-Pro for the second straight season. The NFL's defensive rookie of the year in 1974, Lambert led the Steelers again in tackles and assists in 1975 and terrorized the Cowboys in the Super Bowl. Not one to rest on his laurels, Lambert spent the off-season lifting weights to gain strength.

Cincinnati's Jim LeClair answers to Back Breaker on his CB radio, and his 10-20 always is around the ball. However, despite his three interceptions and team leadership in tackles a year ago, LeClair still is not a Bill Bergey, whom Paul Brown sent to Philadelphia before the 1975 season. Mac and Meg—Steve Ki-

ner and Gregg Bingham—handle the middle in Houston's 3-4 defense. Bingham, incidentally, used to keep a pet baby shark. Cleveland's answer to M&M is Bam Bam—Dick Ambrose, a 12th-round draft choice who replaced the injured Bob Babich in last year's fifth game but didn't play like any Mean Smilin' Dick.

DEFENSES

Andy Russell contemplated retirement, but thoughts of a third straight Super Bowl convinced the 34-year-old outside linebacker that he had at least one more year in him. So, Pittsburgh's defense, like the offense, returns practically intact. Eight defensive Steelers, including all three linebackers—Russell, Lambert and the omnipresent Jack Ham—and the Associated Press' NFL defensive player of the year, Cornerback Mel Blount (11 interceptions), made the Pro Bowl after Pittsburgh yielded an AFC-low 162 points in 1975. If anything, the Steeler defense will be improved now that Mean Joe Greene, gentled much of last season with a pinched nerve in his shoulder, seems to have regained his ferocious form. Reclaiming his starting job from Steve Furness is Greene's new worry.

While Russell is the only Pittsburgh defensive regular past 30, Cincinnati will start several graybeards. Coy Bacon, 33, was acquired from San Diego to bolster a sagging line that had only 27 quarterback sacks and permitted 4.6 yards per rush, a division high. Yet the Bengals shuffled their most formidable pass rusher, Sherman White, off to Buffalo. Few teams run well against Houston's front three of Curley Culp (see Key Player), Elvin Bethea and Bubba Smith's little brother Tody (6'5", 250 pounds). Robert Brazil, the NFL's top rookie defender in 1975, is supposed to play strong-side linebacker but tends to appear everywhere, and the additions of Ken Ellis from Green Bay and Mike Weger from Detroit strengthen the secondary. In Cleveland, Tackle Jerry Sherk suffers from underwork; he was voted the "Bulldog Award" as the NFL's best defensive lineman by the offensive linemen, and no nobody ever runs at him. Gerald Irons, the former Raider, toughens the linebacker corps, and Thom Darden, who missed the 1975 schedule after knee surgery, improves a weak Cleveland secondary that had an NFL low of only 10 interceptions last season.

NEWCOMER



Archie Griffin does not stand out in a crowd. In fact, the 5'7½" Griffin is often hidden by the kids besieging him for autographs. But Cincinnati has big plans for the little man, the Bengals expect Griffin to fill one of the running back positions where 10 different players started last season. Griffin, of course, is the only man ever to win the Heisman Trophy twice. He ran with discipline at Ohio State, employing his good instincts and taking what blockers gave him—and a little extra. What the Bengals would like from Griffin are about 10 of the 34 100-yard games he had for Woody Hayes. Despite his impressive credentials, Griffin was only the 24th pick of the first round of the draft. The Bengals even selected Wide Receiver Billy Brooks before Griffin. So the question remains: Is Archie Griffin big enough for the pros? If he isn't, Cincinnati still does not have a running game.

INSIDE DOPE

Pittsburgh's toughest game may be in a courtroom. Defensive Tackle Ernie (Fats) Holmes was arrested last February in Amarillo, Texas for possession of 250 milligrams of cocaine; his case is on the docket for Oct. 4, but the trial will be delayed until after the season because, among other reasons, Holmes' chief character witnesses, his Steeler teammates, will be occupied until the 9th of January. Or so they hope.

Bum Phillips ran the NFL's most relaxed training camp in Houston. Workouts were conducted in light pads and never lasted longer than 90 minutes. Bed-check was a joke. The players loved it, naturally, but Houston's lackluster preseason may be ominous: there is a difference between "lax" and "relax." The big question in Cincinnati is: Will Bill Johnson catch like Bill Johnson—or Paul Brown?

BOTTOM LINE

As the Steelers well know, no team has ever won three straight Super Bowls. If Cincinnati locates a running game, don't bet your lottery card on Pittsburgh. But bet that Houston will finish a long way from 1975's 10-4. Like 7-7.

CONTINUED



AFC West

QUARTERBACKS

This is a question-mark position for every team except Oakland. Coach John Madden fields the NFL's best former Alabama quarterback, 30-year-old Ken Stabler (see Key Player), although Stabler had trouble last year with interceptions: his total of 24 was second highest in the league to Joe Namath's 28.

At Denver, Steve Ramsey succeeds the retired Charley Johnson. A bespectacled six-year veteran with a semi-sidarm delivery, Ramsey has a quick release but his bland manner hardly inspires confidence, and he lacks Johnson's leadership and flair. San Diego acquired Clint Longley from Dallas after his bouts with Roger Staubach. He backs up Dan Fouts, who always seems to be hurt and who last

year suffered seven different injuries. Neal Jeffrey is available, too. All three young quarterbacks will profit from the coaching of Bill Walsh, who tutored Ken Anderson at Cincinnati and has become the Chargers' offensive coordinator.

With Lenny Dawson definitely retired Mike Livingston finally is No. 1 for Kansas City. "Livingston is not a finesse guy but a street fighter who gets the job done," says Coach Paul Wiggins. Livingston has started 31 games in eight years—and the Chiefs have won 18 of them. Tampa Bay's John McKay (see Newcomer) hopes he can coax Steve Spurrier, who is returning to Florida after nine years with the 49ers, into displaying his 1966 Heisman Trophy form. Spurrier's isometric style may unsettle McKay. Spurrier has always unsettled punts with his swanlike passes. Told that John Brodie had said Spurrier throws one out of three passes into the ground, McKay cracked: "That's O.K., we'll just get shorter receivers."

OFFENSES

Oakland's line—from left tackle to right Art Shell, Gene Upshaw, Dave Dalby, George Buehler and John Vella—may be the best in the game. Mark van Eeghen, 24, replaces fellow Colgate alum Marv Hubbard at one running spot. Hubbard recently had his third shoulder operation and may not see action until the playoffs, if then. Veterans Clarence Davis and Pete Banaszak work opposite van Eeghen. Banaszak scored 16 touchdowns a year ago but had a disastrous fumble in the playoff loss to Pittsburgh. Cliff Branch (51 receptions, nine touchdowns) is Stabler's long-distance threat, while Fred Biletnikoff (43 receptions) and Mike Sims work medium range. Dave Casper and ex-49er Ted Kwalick are the tight ends. Oakland has one glaring weakness: the lack of a game-breaking back (O.J. where are you?).

Oakland's most dramatic change adds the shuffleboard set. Fred Steinfurt, 23, will do the placekicking, not 48-year-old George Blanda, who was finally done in by time after 26 seasons. If Steinfurt has troubles, Punter Ray Guy—the NFL's best—could double up.

Denver lost its offense in last year's fourth game when Otis Armstrong, who had led NFL rushers in 1974 with 1,407 yards, was lost for the season with a torn hamstring. "When I was hurt," Arm-

strong says, "my dreams of being No. 1 started to fade in my mind, and I don't like not being No. 1." Along with most of the 19 starters who missed at least one game in 1975, Armstrong has recovered. Fullback Jon Keyworth is healthy again, too, he bores through the middle and keeps defenses honest for Armstrong. The weak Bronco line has been weakened further by the expansion-draft loss of disgruntled Tackle Mike Current, who started in 103 straight games. Tackle Marv Montgomery broke a leg and wrecked a knee in recent seasons but seems in good shape. Bill Bain, a 1975 No. 2 draft pick by Green Bay, whom the Broncos acquired last week, could start if Montgomery falters, however, he did not play regularly for the line-poor Packers. Rookie Tom Glassie will start at guard. Jim Turner's placekicking is a Denver plus (the made two 53-yard field goals in 1975).

One of San Diego's best weapons, rookie Joe Washington from Oklahoma, had knee surgery during training camp and will miss at least half the schedule. However, Don Woods, the 1974 Rookie of the Year when he rushed for 1,162 yards, returns as a fullback after missing the final nine games of 1975 following knee surgery. Coach Tommy Prothro reacted to criticism of his stodgy offense by hiring Walsh from the Bengals and handing him the attack. Walsh brought Flanker Charlie Joiner (37 receptions) *continued*

KEY PLAYER



Oakland's talent at other skilled positions would be wasted but for the coolness under a rush and the left-handed accuracy of Quarterback Ken (Smile) Stabler.

"It's essential that we have a guy in that position who can deliver the ball," says Coach John Madden. "And that's what Kenny does better than anyone else. He moves the ball. Our offense all begins with 'Stabler.' Hobbled by a bad knee last season, Stabler still completed 58.4% of his passes for 2,296 yards and 16 touchdowns. The NFL's best conductor of the two-minute drill, Stabler is the player Oakland can least afford to lose. 'The difference between Stabler and his backup,' says one coach, 'is the difference between an act and a device.'"

A romantic couple is shown in a hotel room setting. The woman, with dark curly hair and wearing a light-colored patterned dress, is seated at a white table. The man, with dark hair and wearing a light-colored shirt, is leaning over her, holding a white mug. On the table are two white mugs, a white pitcher, and some fruit. A large orange rose is prominently displayed in the foreground. The background features a wooden headboard and a patterned curtain.

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with him and has put plenty of camouflage and razzle-dazzle into the playbook, but Washington's absence may force the Chargers to revert to Dullsville.

MacArthur Lane and Woody Green run behind a young line in Kansas City as the Chiefs try to rebuild. Rookie Rod Walters, the No. 1 draft, starts at guard. Otis Taylor—the other half of Dawson-Taylor for the touchdown—was traded to Houston, and the remaining KC receivers are only average, with the exception of Tight End Walter White, the find of 1975 (23 receptions and three long TDs of 69, 60 and 48 yards). Stan Stenerud's placekicking could be the main weapon for the Chiefs. Besides McKay's wit, Tampa will depend on three Oakland expansion rejects—Tight End Bob Moore and Running Backs Harold Hart and Louis Carter—and on two former Florida backs, Jimmy DuBose and Vince Kendrick. And on Wide Receiver John McKay, the coach's son.

Dave Rowe or add either his top draft pick, 6'9", 270-pound Charles Philyaw, or Jeff Winans, recently acquired from Buffalo, and play the standard four-man front. Philyaw may be the biggest man in the NFL, but several scouts expect him to be the biggest bust. "He's the first player I rejected," says Tank Younger, San Diego's assistant general manager. "He can't play. No way." Indeed, for all his size (he wears a size 17 shoe) and an alleged speed of 4.7 for the 40, Philyaw's exhibition play was marked by recurring ankle injuries and a tendency to complain over lesser hurts. The Raiders have football's most aggressive ball hawkers in the secondary, with an NFL-high of 35 interceptions a year ago. Cornerback Alonzo Thomas picked off six, and so did rookie Safety Charles Phillips. Still, Phillips has been unable to crack the starting safety tandem of George Atkinson and Jack Tatum.

Stan Jones built one of the NFL's most effective rush lines when he coached at Denver from 1967 to 1971, and now he returns to the Broncos after four years with Buffalo. Jones has switched Paul Smith to right end and has installed more formations than the Broncos ever used before. Most important, he has moved tough Lyle Alzado to the point-man position in an unbalanced front. San Diego has added youth at linebacker, with rookies Woodrow Lowe of Alabama and Ray Preston of Syracuse battling for the weak-side job and Rack Middleton, secured from New Orleans, challenging Don Gooden on the strong side.

Kansas City may start as many as four rookies, including Free Safety Gary Barbato and Tackle Keith Simons. One old Chief who will be missed is Buck Buchanan, the large tackle who anchored the Kansas City front for 13 seasons but has retired to join Hank Stram's coaching staff in New Orleans. Tampa's rush features Dave Pear ("the core of our defense") and the irrepressible Selmon brothers, Dewey and Leroy of Oklahoma fame. Almost accidentally, McKay went to a three-man line during the preseason, and when it worked well it was promptly labeled the "Double Bubble." Dewey Selmon and Pear alternate at the core, with Buffalo's Pat Toomay at one end and Leroy Selmon sharing time with Council Rudolph at the other. When the Double Bubble bursts, though, McKay will need some more old Sooners at linebacker and in the secondary.

NEWCOMER



Since he is a football fundamentalist, John McKay will not devote Tampa Bay's foes with esoteric plays, weird formations or other assorted razzle. Nor will he deliver any miracles. What he will do between quips and one-liners is get the Buccaneers franchise off to a solid start and, no doubt, spring an upset or two the way he regularly did against Woody Hayes. "If we're going to take our bearings," McKay says, "we'll take them. But we're not going to give the future up. I'm not going to base the season on how many games we win but on how we improve." McKay will try to make Tampa fans feel that the Bucs' 2-12 season was really 12-2. "We can win some games if we are aggressive, protect the passer and our prayers are answered," says McKay. No joke.

MIDDLE LINEBACKERS

This is a weak position in the division. Oakland's Monte Johnson is still learning in his second season as a regular. However, he is flanked by Phil Villapiano and Ted Hendricks, and their proficiency makes his job easier. Randy Gradishar was one of the few Broncos who started all 14 games in 1975. He led the team in tackles, and intercepted three passes en route to the Pro Bowl. San Diego's Tom Graham, discarded by both Denver and Kansas City, remains a journeyman. Willie Lanier starts his 11th season with the Chiefs but had knees have slowed him down, still, the savvy Lanier had a career-high five interceptions in 1975. Jumbo Elrod, a fifth-round draft choice from Oklahoma, may replace Lanier if Kansas City starts slowly. "I've never seen a player with such an obsession to be where the football is," Wiggin says of Elrod. Tampa's Steve Reese, acquired from the Jets, will get little rest.

DEFENSES

Never exactly fearsome, Oakland's front four lost Ed Horace Jones, a five-year veteran who had played in 70 consecutive games, when he tore knee ligaments on his first play of preseason. In Jones' absence, Madden will deploy a three-man rush of Tony Cline, Otis Sistrunk and

INSIDE DOPE

Raider Owner Al Davis likes to keep his players in constant fear for their jobs, sometimes to the detriment of morale. Almost to a man, the Raiders deplored Davis' handling of George Blanda at camp. In Davis' defense, Blanda refused to retire gracefully and didn't want a glamorous press conference to announce his retirement from the game. John Ralston may be out as general manager and coach if the Broncos don't make the playoffs. They have never played a postseason game in their 16-year history. Ralston's failure in the trading market, specifically his inability to land Jim Plunkett, his former Stanford quarterback, has upset the Denver players. Another rap against Ralston is that he devotes more time to public speaking than to football. San Diego's season-ticket sales dropped from 40,341 in 1973 to 20,467 this year, the Chargers need a winner and don't need any more books written about them—or any more "drugs" incidents. Tampa Bay's assistant coaches all appear to be intimidated by John McKay, who seems a study in detachment at Buccaneers practices, just as he was at USC.

BOTTOM LINE

The Raiders, of course, for the ninth time in 10 years, followed by Denver. San Diego, Kansas City and—stop laughing, John—Tampa Bay.

CONTINUED



AFC

East

QUARTERBACKS

As Joe Namath prepares to leave, so Bert Jones (see Key Player) arrives. In Baltimore they are already comparing Jones, the snuff-dipper from the bayous, to the legendary Johnny U. At 6'3" and 215 pounds, Jones is bigger and stronger than U. He also likes to run the ball (47 carries for 321 yards in 1975, which U. never did). And his passes travel with Jim Palmer velocity and accuracy, whereas U. was more of an early-day Randy Jones.

Miami's Bob Griese lacks Jones' outgoing personality, and he does not dip snuff, but he is healthy again after miss-

ing the last four 1975 games with torn tendons in his right foot, and a healthy Griese has long established himself as a winning quarterback. What Buffalo would like to start is someone named Joe Mariang—or Gary Ferguson. Joe Ferguson throws better than Gary Mariang, but Mariang is a more charismatic leader, a better improviser and a stronger scrambler. Without O.J. to give the ball to, though, quarterbacking in Buffalo will be a thankless job. Jim Plunkett has left New England, and Steve Grogan will try to replace him. Plunkett bruised when Coach Chuck Fairbanks sent him in plays, but Grogan has no such objections. "I think I've called the plays in only one game in my life," he says.

The only thing certain in New York is that an Alabama quarterback will operate the Jets. Joe Namath or Richard Todd (see Newcomer), take your pick. Namath was the worst \$400,000 quarterback in pro football in 1975; he threw an NFL-high 28 interceptions and completed less than 50% of his passes. Namath's major task may be to supervise the transition of power from J. W. Namath to Richard Todd.

OFFENSES

Buffalo had the best attack in the NFL last year but it has packed up and left town. O. J. Simpson took his 1,817 yards and rushed to Hollywood, free-agent Wide Receiver Ahmad Rashad signed with Seattle, and Wide Receiver J. D. Hill was traded to Detroit. In all, the Bills lost 2,900 yards of their offense—more than 50%—and without Simpson, in particular, the holdovers will not be so productive. Coach Lou Saban will work Roland Hooks and rookie Darnell Powell in Simpson's old position. The departure of Rashad and Hill leaves Bob Chandler as the only dependable receiver, but Chandler is not a deep threat. Without O.J., the Bills will be more deliberate on offense. Still, Fullback Jim Braxton (823 yards up the middle) works behind a solid line, featuring Guards Reggie McKenzie and Joe DeLamielleure, although McKenzie may lose interest without his sidekick O. J.

Miami, which missed the playoffs in 1975 for the first time in six years, is so deep in running backs that just one year after losing Butch and Sundance, Coach Don Shula traded the second leading rusher in Dolphin history, Mercury Mor-

ris (875 yards last year), to San Diego. Bulldog Don Nottingham and a healthy-for-a-change Norm Bulach combined to produce 1,027 yards rushing and 22 touchdowns from Larry Csonka's old position. High-stepper Benny Malone replaces Morris, however, he has a history of being sidelined by pulled muscles. Placekicker Garo Yepremian returns, but Shula was not happy with his three missed field goals in the two critical Baltimore defeats.

Baltimore still lacks an established heavy-duty, Csonka-style inside man to complement Lydell Mitchell. Although at 5'11" and 190 pounds Mitchell hardly seems big enough to invade the middle, he slugged through the trenches for 1,193 yards in 1975, caught 60 passes for 544 yards and scored 15 touchdowns.

Sam (Bam) Cunningham has a three-year, \$600,000 contract in his pocket, and New England will make him earn it. Healthy again after breaking his right leg in 1974 and suffering a series of nagging injuries in 1975, Cunningham may get the ball 30 times a game as Grogan tries to find his way around the league. Three regulars were seriously injured last week, Receivers Randy Vataha and Steve Burks are lost for at least part of the season and Guard Steve Corbett for all of it.

continued

KEY PLAYER



The hug rap against Bert Jones in his first two Colts seasons was that he bailed out of the pocket too quickly. "What pocket?" Jones asks. "When you don't have any protection, you don't stay in there and get killed. Now I can stay in the pocket all day."

Working behind Baltimore's enormously improved line, Jones passed and ran the Colts from last place to first in 1975. He threw for 2,483 yards and 18 touchdowns, completed 59% of his 344 passes to break Johnny U. 's club record, pitched an NFL-low eight interceptions and scrambled for 321 yards despite four cracked ribs. "Coach taught me how to attack the clubs we played," Jones said before Marchbroda quit. "Now I know why we do things I never had that concept before." Said Marchbroda, "Bert's a quarterback with no 'ifs.' You know, if he could do this," or "if he could do that," He can do it all."

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PRO FOOTBALL continued

One mistake the Patriots must eliminate is their critical turnovers: last season they had 50, and threw a staggering 17 interceptions inside their own 20.

John Riggins (1,005 yards) left New York in a huff, claiming the Jets did not give him the Namath-style treatment or salary, and Carl Garrett (566 yards), a regular no-show at practices, was sent to Oakland, but the Jets have added free agent Ed Marmaro from Minnesota. There's always next year for new Coach Lou Holtz.

MIDDLE LINEBACKERS

Nick Buoniconti's last-minute return from retirement means that the division will have one "name" player working in the middle. At the same time, Shula's admission that he needs a player he had previously talked into retirement and the television booth means Miami's defense is thin. Buoniconti works with second-year man Steve Towle, who played both on the outside and in the middle in 1975 and made a Dolphin-record 164 tackles.

Twice discarded by divisional rivals (New England and Buffalo), Jim Cheyunski replaced Mike Curtis in the Baltimore middle after the Colts lost four of their first five games. Baltimore promptly ran off a nine-game winning streak and won the division title from the Dolphins. However, Cheyunski still seems troubled by a balky knee; he obviously lacked mobility and pursuit throughout the exhibition season. Buffalo did not replace Cheyunski a year ago because the penurious Bills failed to sign Bob Nelson, their second-round draft choice from Nebraska, until almost the opening gun. Then Nelson injured a leg and played spectator the rest of the year. Penn State rookie Greg Burtles may be the best man for New York. New England uses four linebackers behind its three-man front, but Steve Nelson plays opposite the strong side—and does it so well that he was voted the Patriots' MVP in 1975.

DEFENSES

Manny Fernandez, Bob Heinz, Doug Swift, Dick Anderson, Mike Kolen, Jake Scott. For reasons of health, retirement or discontent, they don't start for the Dolphins anymore. But don't worry about Miami's defense. Shula has located an-

other bunch of No-Names. Randy Crowder has replaced Fernandez (knee and shoulder injuries) at tackle alongside Don Reese, while No. 1 draft choice Larry Gordon joins the linebacking corps and Barry Hill and Jerry White add youth to the secondary.

In Baltimore, the Colts spent the off-season trying to come up with a name for their front four "Sack Pack" was one suggestion, because John Dutton, Freddy Cook, Mike Barnes and Joe Ehrmann helped the Colts make an NFL-high 59 sacks in 1975. Thanks in part to the pressure they applied on opposing quarterbacks, the Colts picked off 29 passes, second-best in the NFL last season, with Outside Linebacker Stan White intercepting eight, a record for linebackers. Still, the Colts will again need outstanding seasons from Cornerback Lloyd Humphord and Safety Jackie Wallace. And with starter Tom MacLeod out for the season with a torn Achilles tendon, they now need linebacker help.

New England had three first-round selections and used two of them to bolster a sagging defense. Arizona State's Mike Haynes starts at cornerback, and Ohio State's Tim Fox moves in at free safety. Steve Nelson and Sam Hunt are superior linebackers and if down linemen Julius Adams, Arthur Moore and Sugar-Bear Hamilton stay healthy, New England's fickle fans will stop criticizing Fairbanks' stubborn insistence on a three-man front.

The joke around Buffalo is that O.J. demanded that trade just so he could get to run against the Bills' defense. Indeed, Buffalo ranked 24th among the NFL's 26 clubs in total defense in 1975. Line Coach Stan Jones and three of his charges—Pat Toomay, Walt Patulski and Earl Edwards—have departed, but the Bills have acquired moody End Sherman White from the Bengals. Top draft Mario Clark strengthens what was the worst secondary in football.

Paging Tackle Carl Barzilauskas! Like a lot of New York Jets, the 6'6", 280-pound Barzilauskas had a terrible 1975; he missed more tackles than he made, and he was regularly run over by hordes of blockers, all of whom were kind enough to reach down and help him to his feet. As a team, the Jets gave up 433 points, the most in the NFL by 54 points. There seems to be no noticeable improvement.

NEWCOMER



Richard Todd has long idolized Joe Namath. Like Namath, Todd is a quarter back. Like Namath, he played for Bear Bryant at Alabama. Like Namath, he is

single. Like Namath, he has Jimmy Walsh for a lawyer, and Walsh has negotiated a five-year, \$600,000-plus contract for Todd with the Jets. Unlike Namath though the 6'2", 210-pound Todd is blond. Unlike Joe Willie, he calls himself just plain Richard. And most important, unlike Namath, he has two healthy legs. He also runs the 40-yard dash in 4.7 seconds. Namath doesn't even run it. Operating the Alabama wishbone, Todd ran for almost as many yards (1,254) as he passed (1,642), but has only running for the Jets will be in self-defense. Namath will start for New York, but he is on the final year of his contract, and if the Jets open poorly, as expected, Todd takes over.

INSIDE DOPE

Once the glamour division, the East has suffered the departure of O.J. Simpson, Ahmad Rashad, Paul Warfield, Larry Csonka and Jim Plunkett and faces the imminent retirement of Joe Namath. Consequently, season-ticket sales have dropped 25% in Buffalo and 20% in New England. The Jets drew a total of less than 25,000 for two of their exhibitions in New York.

Dressing-room dressing-downs of coach and team by Colts Owner Bob Irsay preceded the resignation last Sunday of Coach of the Year Ted Marchibroda. Irsay was irate over the Colts' poor pre-season record. The players had backed their coach. Buffalo players are disenchanted with a management they feel is saving money at the expense of the club. "They haven't done anything to improve the team," says one veteran. "They've got rid of experienced people but haven't got any experienced people back."

BOTTOM LINE

Last season the Colts went from last place to first on the passing of Jones, the running of Mitchell and the birth of the Sack Pack. They can stay there if Irsay's outbursts have not damaged morale. Miami is easily the best of the rest, with New York the worst of the worst.

CONTINUED

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NFC

Central

QUARTERBACKS

"Once you get to the playoffs, you might as well roll dice to pick the Super Bowl champion," says Minnesota's Fran Tarkenton (see Key Player). If so, what the son of a preacher man must do for a change is roll sevens rather than snake eyes in the playoffs: despite seven Black-and-Blue titles in the last eight years, the Vikings have gotten to the Super Bowl only three times and, of course, are the only NFL team with three Super Bowl defeats. Starting his 16th season, the 36-year-old Tarkenton seems remarkably healthy. He has never missed a game because of injuries, and he has overcome the muscular problems in his right arm by following a therapy program prescribed by that noted kinesiologist Mike Marshall. Tarkenton does not throw perfect spirals, but he never did. Spirals or knuckleballs, though, Tarkenton has accomplished everything in football but winning the Super Bowl.

Probably unaware of the rules, the Chicago Bears played without a quarterback—a genus-NFL quarterback, that is—for nine years, or ever since Billy Wade called plays back in 1966. Then late last season Coach Jack Pardee suddenly discovered rookie Bob Avellini from Maryland. Unlike recent Chicago quarterbacks, Avellini does not throw sideways or left-handed, and he does not ignore open receivers so he can run the ball himself. Avellini directed the rookie-laden Bears to two victories in their last four games, and now they will join the rest of the NFL and play the game of 11-man football.

Detroit features three backups but no starter. Coach Rick Forzano will lean to Gospel singer Joe Reed as his regular, with a disgruntled Bill Musson and an unhealthy Greg Landry on call. While Reed has captivated Laon fans with his uninhibited play-calling, he tends to perform erratically. In Green Bay, the search for the new Bart Starr continues. The lat-

est candidate, curly-haired Lynn Dickey (see Newcomer), who was brought in by Coach Starr himself after Dickey occupied the Houston bench for five seasons. Maybe Bart ought to make a comeback.

OFFENSES

"There are certain things a coach can't control, like bad weather and officials," says Bud Grant. "But he can control a 'funk.'" Grant's Vikings were a funkless 12-2 and averaged a funkless 27 points per game in 1975, both NFC bests. And despite the free-agent defections of Wide Receiver John Gilliam and Blocking Back-Safety Valve Receiver Ed Manno, Minnesota will not be very funky this season. Brent McClanahan replaces Manno as Chuck Foreman's body-guard. Last year Foreman rushed for 1,070 yards (the first Viking to gain more than 1,000), caught an NFL-high 73 passes for 691 yards and scored 22 touchdowns to emerge as the league's best all-purpose back. Foreman earned a poultry \$34,000 for all that, and will be paid only \$85,000 this season. He wanted the Vikings to renegotiate that figure, but they refused. Second-round draft choice Sammie White and veteran Jim Lash combine to replace Gilliam. White averaged a touchdown for every three catches at Grambling last fall, occasionally carried the ball from the wingback slot and never missed a college game because of injury. In one preseason game, White outfoxed a Cincinnati defensive back to catch a 32-yard Tarkenton pass and give the Vikings a last-second victory. Ron Yary, a perennial All-Pro at tackle, and Guard Ed White, the NFL's arm-wrestling champion, who has reduced from a lanky 285 pounds to a svelte 260, anchor the line. And Dr. Fred Cox, the part-time chiropractor, resumes his placekicking rounds after operating flawlessly (9 for 9) inside the 40-yard line a year ago.

Maybe the ozone blinded the Chicago receivers, but the Bears' passing game last season was not good enough to beat the Bad News Bears. If Ron Shanklin isn't 100% healthy after last year's knee surgery, Avellini will have only Bo Rafter (38 receptions) as a deep target and must concentrate on Tarkenton-style hunt-and-peck flips to Tight Ends Greg Latra and Bob Parsons and his running backs. Walter Payton is not Gale Sayers yet, but with Johnny Musso now available to keep defenses honest through the middle, Payton should get more running room outside. Musso joins the Bears four years after they drafted him from Alabama, he starred three seasons for Brit-

continued

KEY PLAYER



Last season the records fell like saplings in a hurricane, but Francis Asbury Tarkenton pays little notice to records. Up to now he has attempted more passes (5,225), completed more (2,931) and thrown for more touchdowns (294) than any quarterback in history. Who cares? Tarkenton muses he plays the game only because it's fun, and, of course, because the game pays him about \$300,000 a year. "I'm still learning," he says. "I never find myself unchallenged." Tarkenton has not been blessed with exceptional receivers in Minnesota so he has made a living by throwing to his backs. "I take what the defense gives me," he says. "I never had the arm to throw long anyway." With respect for his age and health, Tarkenton seldom scrambles these days (only 16 times last season compared to his career average of 42), but he still schemes around long enough for his secondary receivers to get free. He will be at the Super Bowl in Pasadena on Jan. 9. As a player. Or as a commentator for NBC. Or maybe both.

ish Columbia in the Canadian League and one for Birmingham in the NFL.

With Steve Owens forced into retirement because of his bad knees and Albie Taylor traded to Houston, top draft choice Lawrence Gaines, a 6' 3", 230-pound Concha-style inside bruiser, moves into the Detroit backfield alongside shifty Dexter Bussey (666 yards). The three backup quarterbacks throw to such experienced receivers as J. D. Hill (acquired from Buffalo in exchange for a No. 1 draft pick), Larry Walton, Ray Jarvis and Tight End Charle Sanders, but the Lion line doesn't open very big holes or provide much passing time for quarterbacks.

Green Bay's attack should be called the Gnat Pack. Willard Harrell, 5' 8", works alongside disgruntled John Brockington in the backfield. Three times a 1,000-yard rusher, Brockington slumped to 434 yards in 1975 and has asked to be traded. Dickey throws to 5' 8" Steve Odum, 5' 10" Eddie Bell (acquired from the Jets) and 6' 1" Ken Payne (58 catches in 1975, the most by an NFC wide receiver), along with Tight End Rich McGeorge. Guard Gale Gillingham has unsettled after a year's ailness, which could be a big help—but not big enough.

MIDDLE LINEBACKERS

Jeff Siemon hardly fits the image of the nail-eating gorilla, because he's not going to take any cheap shots or clothes-line guys," says Bud Grant. "He's just quietly efficient." The 26-year-old Siemon quietly and efficiently led the Vikings in tackles last year, intercepted three passes and was named to the Pro Bowl for the second time in three seasons.

Green Bay's once-brilliant Jim Carter suffers now from injury and controversy. Heralded as another Ray Nitschke, Carter ripped up a knee in 1974, broke a leg in 1975 and broke an arm this year. He is out indefinitely. Compensating Carter's difficulties, he also has a lawsuit pending against him in Green Bay for indecent exposure. Tom Perko, a fourth-round draft choice from Pittsburgh, is his replacement.

Chicago's Don Rives does not have the legend of Nitschke to compete against—only Dick Butkus. Rives missed 12 of the Bears' 14 games last year with a dislocated foot. Rather than trouble

the inexperienced Rives with calling the defenses, Pardee—an old middle linebacker himself—has given the task to veteran Left Linebacker Doug Buffone. To continue the comparisons, Detroit's Jim Laskovic has not shown any Joe Schmidt-type brilliance in his three NFL seasons.

DEFENSES

The popular theory is that Minnesota's defenders are well, ancient. True. End Jim Marshall is 38, End Carl Eller is 34 and Tackle Alvin White is 31. And the line does average 33. Sure, Linebacker Roy Winston is 36, while Linebacker Wally Hilgenberg and Safety Paul Krause are both 34. Big deal! These chaps act young—and play even younger. "Age isn't the concern," Grant says. "It's performance that counts." And Minnesota had the NFL's second-best defense in 1975. Grant is quietly stockpiling big, mean draft choices—like 6' 6", 242-pound End Mark Mullinney and 6' 3", 263-pound rookie Tackle James White—for the day when Page finishes law school and hangs out his shingle and the other old men up front decide to quit. If the Vikings have a weakness, it is a lack of depth in the secondary. Cornerback Bobby Bryant broke his arm and Grant has not found an adequate replacement.

The joke around Chicago is that some of the Bears are young enough to be sons of some of the ancient Vikings. Pardee practically wrote off the 1975 schedule when he decided to start 10 kids plus 10-year Linebacker Doug Buffone, and, sure enough, the Bears yielded an embarrassing 27 points per game. No more! Tackle Wally Chambers and End Mike Hartenstein power a tough front four that had an impressive 35 sacks in 1975. And Waymond Bryant has found a home in outside linebacker after failing in the middle. All the Bears need is some height in the secondary; in fact, their tallest starter there is only 5' 11½", so rivals tend to pick on the Lilliputians.

Green Bay has secondary troubles, too, with the departure of Ken Ellis to Houston in the Dickey deal and Al Matthews to Seattle in the expansion draft. However, Fred Carr still plays an All-Pro style of left linebacker.

The most impressive defensive rookie in the exhibition games was Detroit Cornerback James Hunter, a No. 1 draft from Grambling. He could join the revived

NEWCOMER



"If the Packers are looking for miracles, they've chosen the wrong person," says Lynn Dickey. "No one player can turn this or any other team around." He stops and smiles. "Not even me." Dickey served as Dan Pustorum's backup for four of his five years in Houston, but after throwing only four passes all last season he asked to be traded. "I could have stayed with the Oilers and held for extra points and field goals," he says, "but 10 years from now, I would've kicked myself." Green Bay's quarterback coach, Zeke Bratkowski, lists Dickey as "a pure drop-back passer with perfect physical 6' 4", 210 pound qualifications." Bart Starr, using his favorite word, describes Dickey as "coachable." "Hmmm. Wasn't it just about 20 years ago that Vince Lombardi decided that Bart Starr was 'coachable'?"

Letm Barney and Dick Jauron to give the Lions a superior set of deep backs. Mean Ed O'Neil provides stability for the otherwise shaky linebacker corps, and with Tackle Herb Orvis in Forzano's doghouse because of his verbal tirades, the Lion line will need all the backing it can get.

INSIDE DOPE

Like a lot of Packers, John Brockington seems put off by Bart Starr's police-state atmosphere in Green Bay. He wants out. Now! And Brockington hardly endeared himself to his linemen when he recently suggested that the reason for his poor 1975 performance (434 yards) was their inept blocking. Discord also seems to reign in Detroit. Albie Taylor's "trade me" request was granted, and Munson and Orvis both have expressed a desire for new homes, too.

BOTTOM LINE

"We're not trying to improve over 1975," says Minnesota's Grant. "We're just trying to be as good." The Vikings probably will not match last season's 12-2, but even a 9-5 will win the division—and maybe Tarleton will roll seven in the playoffs. Detroit's seven-year hold on second place may be over, too, because the young Bears, who won five of their six exhibition games, are probably the most improved team in the NFL.

CONTINUED

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NFC

West

QUARTERBACKS

In Los Angeles, the great quarterback debate raged on throughout the off-season: Would it be quiet James Harris, 29, who was hampered by a shoulder injury the last four games of 1975 and then bombed out in the Dallas playoff defeat, or bombastic Ron Jaworski, 25, the "Polish Rifle"? Jaworski easily won the war of words. "I know who the quarterback will be me," he kept repeating to anyone who would listen. "I feel it. I know this is my year. I have the arm. I want to lead this team, and I will." So Jaworski will, but only because Harris broke his right thumb late in the exhibition schedule and will miss at least the first few games. Ja-

worski has started only two games for the Rams, and they won both. For the time being, the backup will be Pat Haden, the USC graduate who is interrupting his Rhodes scholar studies to learn about pro football.

Jim Plunkett (see Key Player) will need time to absorb new Coach Monte Clark's system in San Francisco, but there is so much concern about the condition of his passing arm that Clark obtained 29-year-old Marty Domres and his \$110,000 contract from Baltimore. Atlanta's 6'4", 215-pound Steve Bartkowski has the physical ability to be the best of all: playing behind a weak line, he completed 45% of his passes—and now he has John Gilliam to throw to. At New Orleans, Archie Manning is still recovering from shoulder surgery, Bobby Scott is only adequate as a replacement and Bobby Douglass still runs the ball better than he throws it. Seattle opens with leftbinder Jim Zorn. He is, fortunately, very mobile.

OFFENSES

Don't feel sorry for the Rams. Sure, Offensive Linemen Joe Seibels and Charlie Cowan took their 30 years of experience and retired. However, General Manager Don Klosterman had prepared for just such a possibility a year ago when he drafted 6'5", 252-pound Guard Dennis Harrah and 6'5", 260-pound Tackle Doug France in the first round. And Coach Chuck Knox wisely made certain that both Harrah and France played in every game in 1975. France eventually becoming a starter when Cowan was injured. Says France, "I don't want to be good. I want to be great. I know I'm going there. I haven't hit no greasebone and gone downhill." Jim Bertelsen returns from knee surgery to block for Lawrence McCutcheon (191 yards), with Bertelsen absent, McCutcheon gained only 10 yards in 11 carries in the Dallas debacle. John Cappelletti is available, too, but the Penn State Heisman Trophy winner carried only 48 times in 1975. Harold Jackson and Ron Jessie, who combined for 84 receptions and 10 touchdowns, work the flanks and Bob Klein (16 receptions) provides solid blocking and catches the few passes that the Rams throw to him. Knox bristles when he hears his offense called "predictable," which it has been the last three seasons. He now has added such wrinkles as the shovel pass, but again the Rams will emphasize a slow,

patient, grueling, ball-control attack. Luckily for San Francisco, Clark knows how to build an offensive line from the junk heap. As Don Shula's aide in Miami, Clark assembled an All-Pro line by scouting waiver and free-agent lists and discovering such players as Center Jim Langer and Guard Bob Kuechenberg. Clark's 49er line is all tattered: Top Guard Woody Peoples and Center Bill Reid are lost for the season after knee surgery. Clark traded for Minnesota Guard Steve Lawson and signed veteran Guard Dick Enderle off the waiver list. Former 49er Quarterback Tom Owen, sent to New England in the Plunkett deal, looked at the line and said, "Plunkett won't last out the season. He won't have four seconds, or even three, to throw behind those guys." If he does, his chief target will be old Stanford teammate Gene Washington. Delvin Williams, Kermit Johnson and Wilbur Jackson are the running game, and a good one, although Jackson fumbles too often. Clark obviously plans to imitate Miami's conservative offense, throughout the exhibition schedule. Plunkett passed amply to his tight ends and running backs, thus heightening the speculation that he has a sore arm.

Gilliam returns home to Atlanta as Bartkowski's leading receiver. He will work with Alfred Jenkins (38 receptions for 767 yards in 1975), and together they

continued

KEY PLAYER



Monte Clark mortgaged San Francisco's future to bring Jim Plunkett home to California. The price: two 1976 first-round draft choices, a first and second

next year and backup Quarterback Tom Owen. Now there are indications that Plunkett, who as a rookie in 1971 passed for 19 touchdowns at New England, may have lost both his line arm and his flair for the game. Apparently concerned about past injuries to his shoulder, Plunkett seems to be playing scared; he has not shown an ability—or a desire—to stand up and withstand a rush. "You've got to play this game aggressively," says one coach. "And Plunkett isn't doing that anymore." If Jim can come back, the 49ers' quarterback problem will be sealed for the first time since John Brodie's heyday in the '60s. If not, they face a bleak future.



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PRO FOOTBALL continued

will rid Tight End Jim Mitchell (34 for 536) of the double coverage he has always attracted. Dave Hampton ran for 1,602 yards last season, although few people knew it because of the Falcons' 4-10 record. He gets help from rookies Bubba Bean of Texas A&M and Sonny Collins of Kentucky.

If rookies Chuck Muncie (see Newcomer) and Tony Galtbreath seem lost for a few games, don't be harsh on them. New Coach Hank Stram has given the Saints a playbook that is 760 pages thick and probably weighs more than the New Orleans telephone directory. One play calls for Muncie to pass from his running-back position. He threw for a 27-yard touchdown against Cincinnati in the preseason and, considering the Saints' quarterbacking state, may be their best passer. None of the tricky plays will work, though, unless the Saints develop a strong line. Seattle's best weapon may be the talented toe of rookie Kicker Don Bitterlich of Temple. The Seahawks neglected their attack in the various drafts, selecting only one runner with any experience, Baltimore's Bill Olds, in the expansion grab bag and passing up Muncie in the college draft.

MIDDLE LINEBACKERS

Jack Reynolds of the Rams has one of the NFL's most intriguing nicknames: Hack-saw. It seems that Reynolds collects jeeps as a hobby, and when confronted one day by a bulky engine, he took a hack-saw to the offending vehicle and destroyed it. Reynolds also tends to destroy himself. Last season he cut his nose with a razor while trying to remove tape from his hands, and last month he poked himself in the eye while trying to tackle a Dallas runner. But on the field Reynolds is so consistent that Defensive Coordinator Ray Malavasi says, "He hasn't missed a signal in three years."

San Francisco's Frank Nunley, whose nickname—Fudgehammer—is even better than Reynolds', has shed 15 pounds in an attempt to increase his speed and mobility but his range still seems limited. Atlanta's Tommy Nobis, who has never experienced the thrill of postseason play in his 10 pro seasons, may lose his job to second-year man Ralph Ortega. New Orleans and Seattle both are set in the middle, though not in many other places. Joe Federspiel had 79 unassisted

tackles for the Saints last season; he also recovered five fumbles, deflected 10 passes and sacked two quarterbacks. The Seahawks drafted Ed Bradley from the Steelers. As Jack Lambert's backup, Bradley had to play the final half of Pittsburgh's 1975 Super Bowl win over the Vikings after Lambert went out with a chipped ankle bone. Lambert was hardly missed.

DEFENSES

Ball control, field position and punts will come hard against the Rams, just as they did in 1975 when Los Angeles allowed NFL lows of 135 points, 15 touchdowns and 13 PATs. Fred Dryer, Larry Brooks, Merlin Olsen and Jack Youngblood comprise a flaky (Dryer), savvy (Olsen) and rough (Brooks and Youngblood) rush line with 30 years' experience. Youngblood, probably the NFL's best pass rusher (14 sacks in 1975), has a new backup: 6' 8", 240-pound Leroy Jones, who has three years of Canadian League experience and, with a bow to Dallas' 6' 9" Ed (Too Tall) Jones, has been dubbed "Too Much" Jones. The linebackers—Rick Kay, Reynolds and Isaiah Robertson—are reckless, and Safeties Bill Simpson and Dave Elmendorf are solid. One weak spot may be at left corner, where second-year man Rod Perry and rookie Pat Thomas are fighting for the job. The Rams also need better punting from newcomer Rusty Jackson than Duane Carrell (39.4) gave them last season.

Defense is a 49er strength, particularly the down line anchored by Tommy Hart and Cedrick Hardman, who has finally acquired some on-field discipline. Dave Washington, Nunley and Skip Vanderbundt are adequate linebackers, and Willie Harper will work with them when the 49ers use Miami's "53" formation. But the secondary is worrisome. Clark's best cornerback is Jimmy Johnson, and he's 38 years old.

Atlanta Tackles Mike Tilleman and Mike Lewis have been disappointing and while End Claude Humphrey has returned after sitting out 1975 with a knee injury, the Falcons' front is not too intimidating, especially since John Zook was traded to St. Louis. Left Linebacker Fulton Kuykendall, who answers to "Captain Crazy," is the best of the linebackers. New Orleans has a strong front, led by End Bob Pollard, and when injury-prone Tom Myers is healthy, he plays superbly at free safety. Seattle drafted

NEWCOMER



Chuck Muncie, a 6' 3", 220-pound All-America as California, has the size, speed and hands to overcome a New Orleans offensive line that opens seams instead of holes. Muncie signed a seven-year, \$900,000-plus contract that included a \$200,000 bonus, but he has already paid back part of the money in fines for missing planes, practices and curfews. If Muncie can get along with Coach Hank Stram who likes to upset free-thinking souls, New Orleans could accomplish its rebuilding job almost overnight. Muncie's superstar potential, though, is obvious: one coach already calls him "a Franco Harris with good hands."

Notre Dame's Steve Nicklaus No. 1, and he starts at tackle, but retired Dave Tipton is the Seahawks' best down lineman. The linebacking is solid, with Bradley and Mike Curtis as regulars.

INSIDE DOPE

Los Angeles Owner Carroll Rosenbloom, who sometimes commutes to practice in a chartered chopper, doesn't like Knox' conservative, grind-it-out offense; he wants an aerial show and scores like 56-42, not 13-7. And Rosenbloom, whose Bloodless coup failed to unseat Commissioner Pete Rozelle last winter, has not invited the NFL brass to his tennis parties. Hank Stram is so anti-air that he sent 4,000 press brochures back to the printer for headless mug shots of several New Orleans players. Stram later incurred the wrath of Owner John Mecom Jr. for spending too much money in training camp; occasionally the players were offered steak and lobster for dinner. Seattle sold 57,000 season tickets, including one to a prison inmate scheduled to be paroled shortly before the club's first game.

BOTTOM LINE

No race here. The Rams will win by default even if they fail to find a No. 1 quarterback. Trouble is, they may lose their competitive edge before the playoffs. A healthy and fiery Plunkett would make the 49ers the best of the rest. A sore-armed, disinterested Plunkett would make the Saints the best of the rest.

CONTINUED



NFC

East

QUARTERBACKS

Don't mess with Dallas' Roger Staubach! Long thought to be a stick in the mud, Staubach turned Muhammad Ali at training camp and punched out a unanimous decision over Clint Longley. "Remember," Staubach says, "I've got five years of Navy combat training that I haven't used yet." On the field Staubach rattles defenses with his versatility: he threw 17 touchdown passes and also ran with the ball 55 times for an average gain of almost six yards. What makes Staubach doubly effective is the Cowboys' shotgun-style setup for certain plays; in fact, Staubach's only problem with the shotgun has been Cowboy Center John Fitzgerald's tendency to bounce the foot-

ball back to him rather than airmail it.

With burners Terry Metcalf and Mel Gray at his disposal, Jim Hart specializes in the home-run ball for St. Louis: nine of his 19 touchdown passes in 1975 came on plays that covered more than 30 yards. But Hart also threw 19 interceptions. He blames only himself, claiming that too often he threw the ball prematurely because he was so conscious of his line's attempt to set a record for fewest sacks. In the end, Hart was sacked six times but the Cardinals only tied the record.

Washington's Bill Kilmer, in his 15th NFL season, threw a career-high 23 touchdown passes to help the 1975 Redskins camouflage their inept running attack. New York's Craig Morton was sacked a total of 49 times a year ago, but now New Jersey's Craig Morton works behind a more experienced and stronger line, featuring Guard John Hicks and Tackle Tom Mullen, and has Larry Csonka (see Newcomer) available for protection. New Philadelphia Coach Dick Vermeil has a five-year contract, so he plans to sink or swim with inexperienced Mike Boryla. This year, at least, it will be glub, glub, glub for the Eagles.

OFFENSES

Desperate for running backs to work with Mike Thomas, last season's rookie find who gained 919 yards, the Redskins paid dearly for free agents John Riggins, who gained 1,000 yards for the Jets, and Calvin Hill, a 1,000-yard man with Dallas in 1972 and 1973. They also purchased former Cowboy Tight End Jean Fugett. What the Redskins need now is help—or health—up front. Injuries have crippled the line the last two seasons. Guard is particularly worrisome. Walt Sweeney (knee) is already lost for the season. Terry Hermeling moves over from tackle, but he missed all of 1974 and part of 1975 with a bad knee. George Allen obtained Ron Saul from Houston, but he has been injured in four of his six pro years. Finally, Paul Laaveg wrecked his knee during preseason. Still, Allen hopes to run Thomas, Riggins and Hill at least 60% of the time, partly because Charley Taylor, the NFL's alltime leading receiver, will be sidelined until November with a shoulder dislocation and fracture.

"For some reason, everyone thinks we throw the ball all the time," says St. Louis Coach Don Coryell. "We don't." In fact, working behind the best line in the

NFC (Center Tom Banks, Right Guard Conrad Dobler and Right Tackle Dan Dierdorf started side by side in the Pro Bowl), Jim Otis rushed for an NFC-high 1,076 yards and Terry Metcalf (see Key Player) for 816 more as the Cardinals kept defenses alert by running the ball six plays out of 10. When the defenses moved up, Hart unleashed his bombs to Metcalf and Gray; 18 of Gray's 28 career touchdowns have been on plays of more than 40 yards.

"This year our offense will carry the team while our new defensive players learn to play together," says Dallas Tackle Ralph Neely, who anchors the Cowboys' experienced line. Dallas has a bevy of runners, including Robert Newhouse (930 yards), Charles Young, Preston Pearson and free agents Ron Johnson and Duane Thomas. As Minnesota to its enduring sorrow remembers, Drew Pearson is a clutch deep receiver, and a healthy Billy Joe DuPree takes over for the departed Fugett at tight end. Backup Quarterback Danny White will replace Mitch Hoopes as the punter; he averaged 45.1 yards per punt in the NFL in 1975.

In a stretch of five games last season, the Giants had first and goal 11 times but scored just three field goals. That's nine points out of a possible 77. Hello, Larry Csonka! Rookie Gordon Bell of Michigan provides the Giants with the outside run-

continued

KEY PLAYER



The Cardinals call Terry Metcalf "The Franchise," showing sound logic. Despite sitting out one game last season, Metcalf set an NFL record by producing 2,462 net

yards. He scored nine touchdowns running, two as a receiver, one on a punt return and one on a kickoff return, and he threw for another score. Metcalf is such a threat that the Cardinals often decoy him to open up the rest of their attack. They frequently swing Metcalf wide, knowing that he'll occupy the outside linebacker, thus preventing that linebacker from providing double coverage on a receiver downfield. "Our whole passing theory is to move linebackers out of zones," says Quarterback Hart. "Once we've removed a linebacker, we have a wide receiver one-on-one against a defensive back and should be able to complete every pass."



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PRO FOOTBALL (continues)

ning speed they have always lacked. Philadelphia's new playbook is five inches thick and weighs some 18 pounds. Still, Boryla's best plays will be paves to Tight End Charlie Young, who signs autographs. "Charlie Young, 86, All-Pro."

MIDDLE LINEBACKERS

Last season 6'4", 245-pound Randy White was the Kamikaze-style leader of Dallas' Dirty Dozen, those 12 rookies who infected the stand old Cowboys with youthful enthusiasm and derring-do. White always seemed to be the first Cowboy downfield on punts and kickoffs, and was at the bottom of most pileups. A defensive end at Maryland, White now shares more and more time in the Dallas middle with 14-year veteran Lee Roy Jordan. White may commit youthful blunders, and canny quarterbacks may befuddle him, but he plays with a Butkus-like style and attitude. Jordan still is Cool Hand Luke, always in the right place at the right time.

Washington and St. Louis both are weak at this position. Harold McClinton of the Redskins has always performed inconsistently. The Cardinals moved last season's regular, Mark Arnason, to the outside and set up a training-camp dogfight between Rodrigo Barnes and Greg Hartle. In the end, Hartle won the job with his overall aggressiveness. New York's Brian Kelley may lose his job to rookie Harry Carson, who had 30 sacks last year at South Carolina State and made good on a preseason promise to sack Joe Namath in the Giants-Jets exhibition. Philadelphia's Bill Bergey looks like the thinner of the Smith brothers, he has dropped from 250 to 240 pounds, and grown a thick beard. Considering the Eagles' pathetic attack, he will probably lose another 10 or 15 pounds chasing down rival ballcarriers for 40 minutes each game.

DEFENSES

The Cardinals have completely revamped last season's ragtag unit that had only 24 sacks, gave up 40 yards per rush and spent far too much time on the field. Don Coryell has brought in several new starters and two fresh assistant coaches. Kansas City's Marvin Upshaw, Atlanta's John Zook and top draft choice Mike Dawson will help holdover Ron Yankow-

ski provide an instant pass rush. The 6'4", 270-pound Dawson likes to hunt javelinas, then cook his catch. "They smell like skunks," he says, "but are real good eating." Cincinnati's Al Beus-champ bolsters the linebacker corps, and Kansas City's Mike Sensibaugh adds experience at safety. St. Louis remains solid at both cornerback spots, where Norm Thompson (seven interceptions) and Roger Wehrli (six) are the best tandem in the NFC.

Washington's defense was worse than St. Louis', but Allen has made few changes. He traded—naturally—for Philadelphia Cornerback Joe Lavender, who replaces the retired Mike Bass. Miami Safety Jake Scott; and Kansas City Defensive End John Matuszak, a disappointment and a problem since he was the NFL's No. 1 draft pick in 1973. But age may finally have caught up with the Redskins. End Ron McDole. Cornerback Pat Fischer and Linebacker Chris Hamburger are 37, 36 and 35, respectively, and Allen does not have capable backups. Washington probably will start six players who are 31 or over.

Besides Randy White, Dallas will work three other fresh faces into its lineup. Second-year Linebacker Bob Breunig replaces the retired Dave Edwards. Thomas Henderson will play some outside linebacker, and rookie Aaron Kyle of Wyoming spells both aging Mel Renfro and Mark Washington—burned badly by Lynn Swann in the Super Bowl—at cornerback. Coach Tom Landry, a masterful defensive tactician, worries that his Cowboys will suffer from too much inexperience. While his system is not overly complicated, it is difficult for young players to grasp because it places a premium on controlling areas rather than searching out the ball. In a rare—for Landry—concession, though, he will let Eddy Ed (Too Tall) Jones and Harvey (Too Mean) Martin free-lance more often. "We are about three years away from having a great defense," says Landry.

Both the Eagles and the Giants have to upgrade lines that neither stopped the run nor pressured quarterbacks. Tackle John Mendenhall of the Giants seems healthy after ankle problems, but Coach Bill Arnsparger cannot decide whether to play No. 1 draft choice Troy Archer inside at tackle or outside at end. Brad Van Pelt finally has found a permanent job at linebacker, though, after bouncing all over the lineup.

NEWCOMER



"The fun was a little out of balance here last year," observes Larry Csonka in a tactful bit of understatement. "And that's where I figure in." The figure that

lured Csonka to the Giants was \$1.5 million, and he already has helped the team get a return on its investment: the new 76,500-seat Giants Stadium in the New Jersey meadowlands has been sold out for the schedule. All the Giants want from the 240-pound Csonka is what he consistently gave the Miami Dolphins hard, inside, 1,000-yards-a-year running, solid blocking and a conspicuous winning attitude. "On third and three now, the linebackers will have to freeze for a moment," says Quarterback Craig Morton. "Last year they dropped to their pass coverage right away because they knew we couldn't run and had to throw."

INSIDE DOPE

Tom Landry, once known as Plastic Man, has loosened up. He occasionally tells jokes, and he has even been seen cheering on the sidelines. New York's Arnsparger, who is in the final year of his contract, has the NFL's toughest schedule: Washington, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Dallas, Minnesota and Pittsburgh are among the Giants' first seven foes. Philadelphia's Vermeil must escape the basement without having a first- or second-round draft choice for the next three years. Fortunately, he has his five-year contract for a reported \$850,000. He may not have Charles Young next season: the tight end was miffed when Vermeil ordered him to report to camp six pounds lighter than his regular 238, and now he wants a \$250,000-per-year contract—or else he'll exercise his option. George Allen paid top dollar (an estimated \$2.5 million) for his star free agents but angered veteran Redskins by trying to economize on their contracts. Allen is in the sixth year of a seven-year contract, and if the Redskins miss the playoffs again, management may get the itch to unload him.

BOTTOM LINE

On paper the Cowboys. On schedules the Redskins. But on the field the Cardinals, for the third straight season.

CONTINUED



WHAT A SEASON IT'S GOING TO BE!



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Putting Minnesota's annual playoff failure out of mind, Bud Grant takes to the woods to commune with ravens and contemplate a race of giant bluegills

by Robert F. Jones

Getting Away From the Boo Birds

NAME: Hartry P. Grant

AGE: 49

HEIGHT: 6' 3"

WEIGHT: 200 pounds

IDENTIFYING MARKS OR SCARS: Great Stone Face

FACE:

ALIAS: Bud

RECORD: 215 wins, 109 losses, six ties

COMMENTS: Brought Minnesota Vikings from mediocrity to contention in only three years. Appeared in Super Bowl three times. Lost three times. Known to be aloof to sportswriters and fans. Frequently booed by playoff crowds.

HOBIES: Hunting, fishing, bird watching.

CAUTION: This man is frequently armed and may well be dangerous.

Of all the coaches in the National Football League, Bud Grant of the Minnesota Vikings is clearly the least loved, the least extolled and the most underrated. After 19 years as a pro head coach in Canada and the U.S., his record is better even than that of another Great Stone Face, Tom Landry of the Dallas Cowboys. And Landry has coached one team for 16 years. Grant's Vikings have dominated the NFL's Central Division as no team has since the late Vince Lombardi left Green Bay. Grant's clubs are strong, deep, well-disciplined. They excel at the basics—blocking, pulling, tackling, covering—and at the ultimate: victory.

Yet the Big Victory has always eluded them. The underdog Kansas City Chiefs, led by the brittle arm of Quarterback Len Dawson and the agile legs

of Otis Taylor, dumped the Vikings 23-7 in the 1970 Super Bowl. Bad breaks, as they say, kept Minnesota out of the championship game in 1971 and 1972. In 1973 Miami flat zoned them, 24-7, with Larry Csonka leading the way. And in 1975 Minnesota extended its record of never having the lead in a Super Bowl, although that time it didn't fall behind until the second quarter, when the Pittsburgh Steelers—new to success—scored a safety. The Vikes went on to lose, as usual, 16-6.

Last season, though, was the real kicker. Cruising into the first round of the playoffs, the Vikings led the tatterdemalion Cowboys for 59 minutes and 36 seconds before losing again, this time on a desperation pass from Roger Staubach to Drew Pearson. Final score: Cowboys 17, Vikes 14.

For all Grant's regular-season success (seven divisional titles in nine years), his playoff record is a miserable 4-61, six wins, seven very painful losses.

Behind this record, silent on the frozen sidelines, his close-cropped white hair locked under a bulbous headset, his Nordically handsome features expressionless except for the flash of those hard, pale, blue eyes—themselves as chilly as the northern lights—stands Coach Bud Grant. The aura that surrounds him is icy, so much so that fans, regardless of personal affiliation, are inclined to cheer when the Vikings are knocked off in the playoffs or the Super Bowl by a warmer, freer, less disciplined team. Are the fans right? Has Grant's seeming frigidity

locked his team into an unbreakable flow of defeat in the big ones? Just who in the frozen hell is the man inside that headset?

The crossroads hamlet of Gordon (pop. 350, exclusive of bears and coyotes) straddles U.S. 53 about an hour's drive south of Duluth in the cutover pine plains of northwestern Wisconsin. The town consists largely of an IGA store, a post office, a gas station, the inevitable bait and tackle shop and a slew of saloons—the not-so-mythical mead halls of this Viking stronghold. The region, flat and swampy where it is not sandy and scrub-grown, was once a vast stand of Norway pines. Paul Bunyan and his blue ox Babe took care of that around the turn of the century. Some 85 lakes dot the immediate area, along with 187 miles of rivers and streams that support some of the finest trout fishing in America. This is deer-hunting country in the fall and a snowmobile playground in the winter. A lot of boys named Duane and girls named Joreen live here, hammering the back roads in pickup trucks, getting pee-eyed betimes on brandy and beer. Up here the girls still "get in trouble." To the north, rusty ore freighters plod the ice-blue swells of Lake Superior, the largest and cleanest body of freshwater in the world. Over the land hangs the smell of wood pulp, like a miasma of sour mash gone worse, intercut with the sad-sweet strains of country music blowing from roadhouses and pickup radios. This is a hard, plain, clean, simple, honest hunk of America—some of the best hunks left—and this is where Bud Grant comes when the football wars are over.

"Sure I know him," says Lee Block, the young proprietor of Gordon's Sport

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MCGONG

Bud Grant continued

and Gift Shop "Bud Grant the trout fisherman. Comes in here all the time." He gestures at the tidy store, its shelves lined with lures and seat warmers and jars of jerky at two bits the stick. Aerators burble in the live bait tanks and a pot of coffee perks in countertop behind the cash register. "We swap info on beaver dams. I need them to collect bait and Bud needs them to find brook trout during the hot months, when the trout are up out of the streams. When he's in here, people look to see what flies or lures he's buying, watch him kind of shy and careful like, and then when he's gone they buy one. He's Bud Grant the trout fisherman. Nobody ever asks him about football—not more than once, anyway. Up here he's away from it, won't talk about it, just nods politely and changes the subject. Mainly, though, they're a bit scared of him. It would be like going up to Erwin Rommel and chitchating about desert warfare."

County Trunk Y, a rumb line of two-lane blacktop, bores straight east from Gordon through the pine barrens. Dawn is pearl gray today—the first cloud cover in nearly two months. The land seems to suck at the sky as hopes of rain. The other day a wayfaring stranger flicked a cigarette butt out of a car and a full section of Douglas County forest land went poof before the local press-gang of fire fighters could corral it. In these parts, every able-bodied man from 16 to you-name-it is eligible for duty when the woods catch fire.

Approaching Simms Lake, where Bud Grant's cabin stands, white-tailed deer bounce across the road in the early light, tails flagging and skinny-stupid heads peering back at no danger at all once the highway is cleared. Far ahead, a coyote crosses the road. "Brush wolves," they call them hereabouts. The dirt road to Grant's cabin debouches at lakeside—a small, dark blue, chilly-looking northern Wisconsin lake. A rooster shakes itself sleepily and utters a fair imitation of a worn brake lining. A pair of ravens hop and croak in mock outrage, then flap down to the lakeside to look for dead fish. Mallards and Canada geese, some with strings of young 'uns in tow, splash noisily or stare and hiss. The window of Grant's bedroom flies open and his white-topped face appears. He squints and stares his mock-mean stare.

"I don't drink coffee," he says, dead-cool, "and don't even have any on the premises, or else I'd offer you some. But come in anyway."

A black Labrador bitch named Sheila wags at the door, sharp contrast to her master. The living room of the cabin is shipshape and Bristol fashion. A wood-carved owl stares from the mantel near a ceramic horse and an iron eagle. A primitive painting of brook trout, executed in 1890 by an early federal game warden to these parts, shares wall space with a painting of the northern lights, courtesy of an Eskimo artist Grant met during his Canadian Football League days. On another wall hangs a mounted white crappie, gigantic, maybe four pounds when it was alive. Grant took it from the lake. "But that was a while ago," he says. On another wall is a deer tail on a shield. A plaque reads: WORLD RECORD MISSED NOVEMBER 27, 1958.

In the absence of coffee, the visitor makes do with "Milwaukee orange juice," the local euphemism for early morning beer. The coach relaxes in a chair by the window, a pair of 7x35 binoculars close at hand in case something of natural interest should appear in the watery, poney vista. He wears a plaid shirt, green cotton workman's trousers and scuffed Orvis oxfords over sweat socks. He looks very lean, very clean, very strong and healthy. He turned 49 just a few weeks earlier.

"When I got out of the Navy after the war," he says, "I had \$300 to my name. I spent \$100 of it on an Ithaca 12-gauge pump gun, another \$100 on clothes and then came out here to Gordon with a friend of mine to spend the summer and see what we could see. My folks are from these parts—my dad was born on an Indian reservation just north of here, and my grandparents came out with Paul Bunyan, or at least when the railroad went through. I met a guy in a saloon in town who was the executor of an estate. He offered me these 60 acres with 1,500 feet of lake frontage for \$1,500. My pal and I had only \$200 between us, but our fathers took notes for us and we got the property. Later I bought my friend out, and in 1969, after all those years of football, I built the cabin. I've done some dumb things in my life, that's for sure, but this was one of the . . . well, luckiest things I ever did."

Nothing in the house says football. On

the shelves are bound volumes of *Outing Magazine*, circa 1904, MacKinlay Kantor's *Valley Forge*, Fawn Brodie's *Thomas Jefferson*, an *Intimate History*, a collection of American drama, Ronald Clark's biography of Albert Einstein. . . . Wait a minute! There, tucked away almost out of sight, is Paul Zimmerman's *The Last Season of Weeb Ewbank*. How's that?

"Weeb coached at Great Lakes. un-



Deep in bluegill country, Grant says that if

der Paul Brown, when I was there during the war," Grant explains. "Blanton Collier was also one of Paul's assistants. I was just a big, dumb 18-year-old playing with this, well, superteam. I hate that word, but that was about as close to super as you could have come in those days. Imagine a football coach in wartime with all the power of the service behind him. That's the closest to an angry, Old Testament Jehovah that you're ever going to find. I'd been a fullback in high school over in Superior, Wis. but then, at Great

Lakes, I saw Marion Motley. He was the biggest thing I'd seen that didn't move on wheels. I don't know—maybe he did. But I quickly told them that I was an end, not a fullback.

"We worked out twice a day, three hours a session, and we loved it. It was the greatest prep school a football player could have hoped for. Brown was very strict." He looks at the beer in his visitor's hand. "Strict rules against drink-

window and peering in anxiously at Grant. He goes to the kitchen and returns with a dog bowl full of chow. "The pulp cutters found them back in the woods last April," he says. "I guess you could say I rescued them. That might help correct my image as a vicious slayer of birds and fish and animals. Anyway, they hung around here stealing anything shiny they can find lying loose and hiding it from me or from one another. Sometimes

feel bad. But the one with the bum leg we call 'Cnp.'"

All around the property lie the tools of Grant's off-season trade. In the clean, well-lighted basement, stacks of guns, rods and fishing tackle. At the floating dock and on the neatly mowed lawn, canoes, skiffs, a johnboat and a big ski boat. And in the garage, a brace of trail bikes on which Grant and his four sons, who range in age from nine to 21, course the woods and streams in search of sport. His daughters, ages 23 and 25, are both special-education teachers working with handicapped children. "They're all good kids," says Grant. "And my wife Pat is a darned good cook. Now if we can catch some fish today, she'll be up tomorrow and show you how to eat them."

The maroon Country Squire station wagon rumbles down a tote road toward Miles Lake, the aluminum boat lashed to the roof and the rods, vests, motor and waders inside creaking a strange, ravenlike chorus. The talk has drifted back to football, particularly to new coaching appointments.

"It's a shame Hank Stram didn't get the New York job," Grant is saying. "Hank would have been in his element in the Big Apple, or whatever they call it. I've always thought he would have made a perfect gangster." He pauses, remembering perhaps that it was Stram's Kansas City Chiefs who handed him his first Super Bowl loss, and that perhaps the words might be misconstrued. "He's a fine coach, don't get me wrong, a great coach. But he'd rather con you than beat you fair and square."

In 1970, the year of the Chiefs-Vikings Super Bowl, Grant is reminded, Hank Stram had a backfield full of pint-sized running backs—Mike Garrett, Robert Holmes, Warren McVea, none of whom topped 5' 10". He claimed that small running backs were the wave of the future. They were too small to be seen behind the massive pulling guards who led the way on sweeps, and quick enough to exploit the fast-closing holes. It sounded like good logic at the time.

"Sure," says Grant, "That was all he could get—those little guys. The best he could get, anyway. And he did extremely well with the material at hand, which is what any really good coach does. But Hank surrounded it with a . . . how do they call it? A mystique. He's a very good

common



you could breed the little pariah up to 30 pounds "they'd be the best in the world."

ing. I remember one guy came in for practice one morning hung over. Paul conferred with the other coaches and then called the man over. "It is the opinion of myself and the other coaches that you were drinking last night," he said. "That being the case, I would like you to go away from me. Far away." By the time the guy got back to the barracks, his orders had been cut. To the Pacific. Was that an example? The rest of us were afraid to sneeze."

The ravens are back, flapping at the

they fly around the house, on the outside, following me from room to room, pecking in the windows to see what I'm up to."

One of the birds perches on Grant's shoulder, taking food from his hand and croaking in his ear in a familiar manner—one that even Fran Tarkenton would never assume. The other remains on the ground. It has a game leg. "No, I don't give them names. That's too sappy. They don't have names in nature, and if you give them names and they die, then you

Bud Grant continued

coach, one of the best ever, but he's a sharpet."

"Well," Grant continues, pulling the wagon to a halt at the side of a small, clear, pine-ringed lake, "New Orleans will be good for Hank. He can build again, and that's what he does so well. He's apparently got unlimited money, a good plant, plenty of talent and some very responsive fans. He's going to do well down there. But he could have really had some fun in New York."

Boat unslung, motor rigged, fly rods armed and ready, Grant chugs along the lakeshore, watching closely for fishy action. A few bass angle away under the bowwave. Bluegills fin over their circular, washed-sand nests. The sky hangs ever closer, promising rain but not quite delivering. A quarter of the way around the lake, Grant runs the bow of the boat up on the bank. From here on, it will be wading and casting, wading and casting. Slow, steady, careful stalking. He threads the tipper through the eye of a tiny pan-fish popper.

"What do you call it when you can't get the line through this little eyelet?" he asks, a lopsided grin behind his long, outstretched arms.

"You call the eye doctor," says somebody who knows. The anguish of reading glasses after 40 years of better-than-perfect vision is a small corner on hell. But Grant casts fluently, easily, with the practiced eye of a man who has known the fly rod from boyhood. He hangs bluegills, small bass, crappies, releasing most of them gently, keeping a few of the bigger ones. "My kids are coming tomorrow and I want to give them a fish fry," he says. "Gosh, they eat a lot." The double taper snicks; the bug falls. Blorp! Another bluegill, this one the size of a salad plate. "They're a fine fish, a strong fish," says Bud as he watches the rod tip bend. "If you could breed them up to 20 or 30 pounds, they'd be the best fish in the world."

Now, with a few fish bulging in the wire-mesh, belt-hung fish bags, the talk swings back to football, and Grant reminisces. "No, I was never really an All-America at Minnesota. Second string. They only picked 11 guys in those days, the late '40s. You had to go both ways. Leo Nomellini was a teammate of mine, and he was a real All-America. But, whatever, I was the first draft choice of the Philadelphia Eagles. They offered me

\$7,500. I decided to play pro basketball instead, with the Minneapolis Lakers up in the Twin Cities." He hooks and plays a fair-sized crappie, eases out the hook, studies the fish, bags it. "After about two years of basketball I figured that was no way to make a living and I went back to football. Well, I was two years older, so the Eagles knocked \$500 off of my price tag." He shakes his head and casts—snick, plop. "I'd been the 12th draft pick when I went into the National Basketball Association, I'd sure like to be the 12th pick now, with the money they're getting."

On the way back to the landing, a red-tailed hawk flies overhead. Grant watches it out of sight. He smiles again, that *rara avis*. "I woke up the other morning and there was a lot of squawking down at the dock. Stuck my head out of the window. A red-tail was shucking a mal-

lard down there, right on the bank of my lake. He stared right back at me. One of my mallards. Oh, they're a damn fine bird, the red-tail."

The Buckhorn Tavern in downtown Gordon, Wis., just east of the railroad tracks, is festooned with the heads of dead deer. One of them wears an atypical rack, a webwork of crazy tines that leap off the main beams like the warped spikes of a railroad in hell. Old beer cans—collectors' items—stand atop the cooler with new beer cans inside. One of Bud's sons is a beer-can collector but that topic wears thin early. Grant munches a California burger, sips at a draft Schlitz. True son of the Progressive states. A photo of Bud Grant, coach, adorns the wall behind the bar under another glassy-eyed deer head.

"I played semipro baseball here after



This is the Great Stone Face. Minnesotans unceremoniously boo during playoff defeats.

the war," he says. "If you could pitch and hit, too, you could make more money than in the semipros than in the American Association. I pitched three days a week at \$50 to \$75 a game, and I could hit, too, so that filled in the rest of the week. We barnstormed, as they say. We were the Galloping Gophers. One day I beat Gordon 6-0 and then went down to Rice Lake that night and beat them 7-1. It was a lot of fun."

He's totally relaxed now, feeling the ease of the day, the ease of the outdoors. The small tensions of the bluegills and crappies at the end of the fly tippet seem to have pulled the man out of his hard, cold shell. There is a gentleness of spirit about him, born of the outdoors. A woman, perhaps sensing this, approaches from the bar.

"Hi," she says. "I'm the only Viking fan in western Virginia."

Bud pulls into his shell. He is Coach Grant again.

"That's all Redskin country out there," the woman bubbles. "You guys were undefeated when you came out there last year, weren't you? Eight and oh? And then you lost." She smiles, tentatively, sensing the change in his mood. He looks just a mile forbidding now. Eyes like icebergs under a clear sky.

"I don't talk football when I'm up here," he says. "Where you from originally?" She winds down into small-town chitchat, and Bud relaxes. Finally she introduces her husband, Grant gives them a Viking bumper sticker and they go away.

Across the street, Bud stops at the door of the IGA.

"I've got to get some raven food," he says. Then he winks and grins conspiratorially. "It's really dog food," he whispers, "but I tell them it's raven food."

Balance is restored.

But there are still questions to be asked, questions to be answered. In the framework of this land and this mood, it is doubtful that anything like a clear-cut resolution can be effected. The land, after all, was clear-cut long before these questions became imperative or even, for that matter, questionable.

The Old Oak Bar, an aging "motel" fraught with cabinettes and defective light bulbs, hunkers on a bluff overlooking the junction of the St. Croix and Eau Claire rivers just east of Gordon. Bob

and Rita Tyman, the proprietors, have added a modern, indoor swimming pool and a bar that gleams with booze bottles and the noses of steady boozers.

Bud Grant is shooting a stick of pool—eight ball's the game—with a local schoolteacher named John Murray. A young man, Murray is pretending not to be awed by the presence of this TV celebrity, this name, this coach of an NFL team. Grant, by the same token, knowing that deep inside he is none of those things, is merely trying to be a local who happens to be shooting a stack of eight ball. If it weren't so poignant, it would be funny.

Squitch, squitch—the chalk. Click, clunk—the balls sinking. Click, click—a miss. Tinkle, glug—another drink gone. Bob Tyman pours and walks over, trying to hide the grin. He's serving Bud Grant. His wife Rita had seen Grant one day at the store. "He actually talked to the kids," she later reported with awe—a kind of touching awe, because it was so unnecessary. "No, they didn't dare ask him about football."

At the dinner table, after Grant won the pool game, the question arises as it must have to these many months. What about the Staubach bomb? The 50-yard desperation pass to Drew Pearson that put the Cowboys in the 1976 Super Bowl and relegated the Vikings once again to also-rans?

An indefensible pass?

"No," says Grant. "There's really no such thing. There are passes and there are coverages, you know that. But we saw some film later that showed something very interesting about that pass. Something really professional. Pearson was down there but he wasn't open. Just as the ball is arriving—and it was a darn fine pass, right on the money—just then Nate Wright gets up in front of the ball. You can see him clear, his hands are cupped over his belly to take the interception. His eyes are all bugged out, focused on the ball—he's darn near got it. And then Pearson gives him this little shove on the hip. With his hand. Just a little shove, so that Nate moves away from the ball, up there in the air like he is, and the ball sticks in the crook between Pearson's elbow and his hip."

Grant looks down at the fried walleye pike on a plate across the table. Shakes his head. Smiles again.

"Pearson had been a basketball play-

er. That was a basketball player's move—that shove on the hip, where the ref couldn't see it. Not something obvious like a wild-eyed football player would do, not a wild lunge at the shoulders that you could call offensive interference. But a real smart basketball player's move. A professional move."

It would be absurd to ask if Grant thought it fair or foul. The answer lies in the tone of voice—a tone of professional respect. No whining here, just a shrug of the shoulders.

But what about the continuous frustration, the lost chances, the three times to the well, coming up dry each time? What kind of toll does that take from a man's professionalism, what kind of wreck does it make of the ego?

"Second isn't all that bad, you know," Grant says. There's a kind of Sam Spade grin on him now. Tough. Not really giving you the straight answer, but maybe one a bit straighter than the question. "You win and they want you to win again, and if you don't, they start to say things about you. You start to grab at things, you get showboat. You start to finish worse than second. Don't get me wrong—I want to win, I want to win it all, forever and ever amen. We've had some bad breaks, I suppose you could call them. But we've always been ready. Always prepared, and we always will be." He sips the last of his blackberry brandy.

"Oh, we've had some fine players on the Vikings. Bill Brown's retired now, but he was the definition of the word 'professional.' Dave Osborn's got himself a stock-car speedway near Minneapolis. He won't be around. But we've got dedication, plenty of it. Tarkenton is tough. He's what I mean by tough. He won't show the enemy when he's hurt. Last year, I remember, he was hit hard in one game, really hard, but he got up and trotted back to the bench. I'm standing there under the phones, hearing all the chatter, but I know he's hurting. There's tears in his eyes. It's a shoulder. But he wouldn't give the other guy the satisfaction."

Bud Grant walks out of the Old Oak Bar. The customers nod deferentially. Nobody asks him about football.

Bud Grant the trout fisherman?

No.

Bud Grant

END

IT'S A LOSERS' BATTLE



BOSTON'S YEAR HAS GIVEN MARTIN AN ACHING BACK

These are the times that try baseball announcers' larynxes. And imaginations. And honesty. As September and football rolled around, the races in all four major league divisions had been yawners for weeks, even months. To be sure, after last week's sudden revival of the races in three of the divisions, it seemed possible that one or more of the front-runners might fold. But even if that happens, most of the 24 big-league teams will be merely playing out their schedules. In fact, some clubs have been doing just that for weeks. But they still have tickets and beer to sell, and their announcers must play their parts in fulfilling the \$50.8 million worth of broadcasting contracts that help keep the game going.

Television contracts are written in rubber ink; stations typically have clauses that permit them to do a maximum number of games, but stipulate no minimum number. As a result, they often carry little baseball late in the season when the local team is treading water. This year 13 teams are playing less than 500 ball, and that is really treading water. But while the TV cameras pull back, the radio announcers must keep performing because the stations' contracts obligate them to do every game. Their task is not an easy one in a season such as this.

"When you are broadcasting a team that is leading its division," says Jack Back, sports director of St. Louis' KMOX and for 20 years one of the main voices of the 160-station

Cardinal network, "you go to the ball park every day with the enthusiasm of Pete Rose. But in a season like this one, you have to adjust. You really have to have a love for the game. In 1950 I broke in doing the Columbus team in the American Association that won the Junior World Series. It was a great experience. The next year we lost 101 games and finished last, 42½ games out. It was not a great experience."

One night recently on station WWVE in Cleveland, Joe Tait and Herb Score announced a game between the Indians, third in the American League East, and the Twins, who were 15 games back in the AL West. It went on for 17 innings—and four hours and 55 minutes. In the 12th, they told their listeners that Twin Catcher Glenn Borgmann had entered the game hitting .324 and that his average was now .282. During the 13th Tait said, "This is the kind of a night when you just sit here and the names of players like Gordon Windhorn pop into your mind." Another thing the broadcasters do is discuss prospects down on the farm. "It's another bad night in Wichita, folks," said Tait. "Oscar Zamora takes a loss in relief."

Lindsey Nelson has been announcing Met games since the team was formed in 1962. "We lost 120 games that year, including the first nine in a row," he says. "We were out of the pennant race right then. And we knew it. The thing that kept us going was Casey Stengel. He put up marvelous smoke screens. We told stories about him and repeated stories he told. If Gene Mauch or Alvin Dark or someone like that had been managing, we all would have gone crazy."

"But even after my experience in 1962, I've still found the 1976 season to be very odd. Every day we sit down and figure out what else is going on in baseball so that we can tell our listeners. We rode the devil out of Randy Jones going for 30 wins, but then he started to lose. We tell the listeners how many people are at the ball park when Mark Fidrych of the Tigers pitches. You get the feeling you are broadcasting a preliminary fight with no

championship bout to follow. You have to do each game as a separate event."

One of the finest announcers is Al Michaels of KSFO in San Francisco. Unfortunately, the team he covers is the Giants, and they are definitely not one of the finest. "We started this season not knowing if we would be playing in San Francisco or Toronto," Michaels says. "When it was decided that the team would stay in San Francisco, there was a tremendous amount of excitement. Still, this has turned out to be my toughest season as an announcer. The team hasn't played well, and this could be the worst year the Giants have had since 1946. How often do you think you can say that if we go on a winning streak we can catch Atlanta for fifth place? How often can you talk about the club getting help for next year from the free-agent draft?"

No team's season has been more disappointing than the Red Sox'. All along, Boston Announcers Ned Martin and Jim Woods have discussed the Sox' problems openly. "You can't fool anybody," says Martin. "The same players who won last year are losing this year. But the fellow who shines through is Carl Yastrzemski, and we keep saying that he has a chance to win the RBI title. You stress individual performances when you can, but there haven't been that many this year. When you can, you try to lighten things up."

The season has been anything but light for Martin. His back has been aching through most of it as a result of years of leaning over a desk to do play-by-play. He had to announce a recent 11-game road trip standing up. Two weeks ago Martin and Woods did a game between Boston and Kansas City in which the Sox led 12-0 by the second inning. There was also a 51-minute rain delay. As the afternoon wore on, Martin and Woods struggled with considerable success to make their broadcast interesting, and at one point they told a lot about themselves—and this season Woods: Ned, you have to love this game. Martin: No, I really do.

Woods: When we finish up this home stand, we go to Cleveland for a two-night doubleheader on Saturday.

Martin: I can't wait to get there.

Woods: Will you ever quit?

Martin: They'll have to tear the uniform off my back.

END

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—from *Meet the Mets*

Good pitching, it is generally acknowledged, will beat good hitting. The question is: Can the pitching staff that is decidedly the best in the majors overcome pathetic hitting—when those weak bays are in its own lineup? That staff belongs to the Mets, a team whose pitchers have an earned run average of 2.91, but whose hitters are an embarrassment, even to their own theme song.

While the Mets' team ERA is lower than Steve Carlton's or John Candelaria's, the team batting average is only .244. On 28 occasions this season, Met starters have allowed three runs or less, and lost or got no decision.

Tom Seaver (2.41), Jon Matlack (2.86), Jerry Koosman (2.91) and Mickey Lolich (2.95) rank first, seventh, eighth and 10th among National League starters in ERA, but their stomachs churn with the same pitch-by-pitch anxiety as that of the humblest reliever. When you pitch for the Mets, one mistake can be disastrous.

"It's like a damned broken record," says Seaver, who leads the league in strikeouts and heartbreaks and who suffered through a nightmarish seven-week period this summer in which he did not win a game despite some typically Seaverian statistics: seven starts, 55 innings pitched, 13 earned runs, 2.13 ERA and three home runs allowed. For his efforts he was rewarded with four defeats and three no-decisions. Harking back to the days of Marv Throneberry, the Mets managed to score only nine runs in his behalf. Last Friday night they were just as niggardly, scoring only one run. But Seaver pitched up his 11th win (he has lost 10) by shutting out the Phillies. By whiffing eight batters he extended his own record for consecutive 200-strikeout seasons to nine.

In this unholy tug-of-war between New York's pitchers and hitters, the pitchers lead the league in shutouts (16), while the hitters are second to San Francisco in being shut out (16). Seaver has been shut out five times; Lolich has been treated worse. His teammates have scored only 3.17 runs per nine innings

The throes of frustration

MET STARTING PITCHERS KOOSMAN, LOLICH, MATLACK AND SEAVER ARE THE BEST, BUT BECAUSE OF DINKY HITTING AND FIELDRING, THEIR RECORDS DON'T SHOW IT

during his starts. In fact Lolich's 7-11 record is so out of proportion to the way he has pitched that his misfortunes cannot be blamed strictly on weak hitting. New York, it turns out, has another serious deficiency: defense, particularly in the outfield.

"The pitcher's job is to keep the ball in the park," says Joe Torre, the team's only .300 hitter. "Then it's up to the outfielders. We've had a lot of balls hit in the air this year that didn't go out but weren't caught."

Matlack, whose 14-8 record, along with Koosman's 17-8, indicates that the Mets have reserved most of their ineptitude for Seaver and Lolich, hit the ceiling in June when Dave Kingman misjudged a fly ball to right field, allowing the weak-hitting Giants to score five runs in the first inning. "The trouble with this club," Matlack said later, "is that you don't have to take fly balls in practice. If you did, you might catch that ball."

That was harsh criticism of both the manager and of Kingman, whose 32 home runs and 72 RBIs have provided much of the Met offense. And Kingman's *faux pas* was scarcely an isolated occurrence. In the ninth inning of a 1-1 game at Montreal, Matlack's roommate, Ed Kranepool, charged in for a line drive that sailed over his head and made Koosman a 2-1 loser. "I thought it was going to sink," said Kranepool. "Obviously I went the wrong way." Life has been like that for Koosman this season: the Mets have scored only 12 runs in his eight losses.

The team has played 50 one-run games this year, and the way they have scratched to win 23 of them cries out for the introduction of some new baseball headlines, such as "New York Wins 2-1 Slaughter" or "Mets in 3-2 Romp." Koosman enjoyed just such a laugh last week. He beat San Francisco 1-0—and had to wait until the eighth inning before New York scored its run. That win helped keep the third-place Mets over

.500, no mean feat for a team with the fourth worst batting average in the majors.

"It's been this way for a long time," says Koosman. "Pitching is what the Mets didn't have when they started, so they've stressed it in their scouting ever since. We've never really had good, aggressive hitting—the kind the Reds have that rubs off on everybody. What did Seaver and Lolich and I say to each other after all three of us were shut out in a four-day span? I won't tell you. Our hitters would never get me another run."

"People have been talking about this season like it's a novelty," says Lolich. "But I was always the guy who got dumped on in Detroit. I may have had

continued



MATLACK BEMOANS MISJUDGED FLY BALLS

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the worst runs-scored-for statistic in the American League last year. Remember 1968 when Denny McLain won 31 games? The Tigers averaged 5.1 runs per game for him.

"I'd take my chances with that," says Seaver, whose 11-10 record also reflects a cruel financial irony. Under the terms of his new three-year contract, Seaver was to receive a \$5,000 bonus for every five-day period between his 19th victory and the end of the season. In many ways, Seaver has pitched as well as the Padres' Randy Jones, who won his 19th game on Aug. 10. In the same situation, Seaver already would have banked \$25,000 in incentive money, with another \$20,000 to follow before the end of the season.

Recently Matlack started against the Dodgers, and when Met Catcher Ron Hodges fired out to end the first inning, narrowly missing a grand slam home run, Matlack sensed he was in for a typical day. In one swing Hodges had nearly provided him with as many runs as he had seen in one game during his previous five starts, but like most balls hit by the Mets, it was a few feet short. The Dodgers took a 1-0 lead in the second on two quick doubles. Hodges, in the early stages of an 0-for-20 slump, hit into a bases-loaded double play in the third. Considering the two bases-loaded scoring opportunities that went by the board, Matlack felt fortunate that the game was tied 1-1 as Third Baseman Roy Stager led off the last of the ninth. Stager was in the midst of what would become an 0-for-18 streak, but he reached base on an error. At that point, Matlack left the game for a pinch hitter. Torre, another long day's work apparently wasted. However, Torre got an infield hit. A walk loaded the bases. With typical Met economy, Felix Millan then won the game with a 35-foot dribbler that could not be fielded in time to get a force at home.

The final score was 2-1. To Met pitchers, it was just another rout.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 29-Sept. 3)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST Gulp: That was the loudest sound Philadelphia (0-5) fans could muster. Phillie hitters gave them nothing to shout about, producing just

three runs in the last four games of the week, three of them one-run setbacks. Mike Schmidt, Larry Bowa, Dave Cash and Jay Johnstone hit a combined 175 as the Phils extended their losing streak to seven.

While the Phillies slipped, the Pirates zipped. Pittsburgh (6-0) ran its string of victories to nine and, during an eight-day stretch, chopped Philadelphia's once-imposing 15-game lead in half. More than anything it was superb pitching that earned the Bucs back into the race, with John Candelaria winning twice and the staff allowing the Padres only one run during a three-game sweep. Jerry Reuss and Larry Oemery pitched shutouts, and Bruce Kison won 4-1.

Strong pitching also buoyed New York (3-2), but it was robust hitting that helped Chicago (3-1). Rick Monday raised his home-run total to 27 with two blasts in an 8-5 win over St. Louis. And Jerry Morales drove in four runs—two on a 14th-inning single—as the Cubs bounced the Braves 7-5.

Steve Rogers continued his superlative pitching for Montreal (1-5), defeating San Diego 3-0, then losing to Los Angeles 2-1. In his past eight starts Rogers has had a 2.14 ERA, but because of the Expos' silent bats he has won just three times, all of them shutouts. After dropping doubleheaders on successive days, Manager Karl Kuehl was put out of his misery, he was replaced by former Giant skipper Charlie Fox.

PHIL 83-49 PIT 76-57 NY 68-65
CHI 62-72 STL 57-71 MONT 43-65

NL WEST "I'd better take Japanese lessons. I'll need them with the Tokyo Giants next year if we lose this thing," said Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson as he tried to make light of his team's dwindling lead. In four weeks the Dodgers have cut the Reds' margin from 13½ games to seven. Four saves were registered by Charlie Hough, who now has 14, as Los Angeles won five in a row and finished its best August (19-10) since moving west in 1958. The only game Hough did not have a hand in was a 2-1 win over the Mets. Tommy John hurled a six-hitter for that victory, and Reggie Smith hit a two-run homer.

The Reds (3-2) also relied heavily on one reliever—Rawly Eastwick, who earned his 10th win and 19th save. Clearly, Eastwick has been out of this world. Now it turns out he wants to depart from it in another way. "I would like to travel spiritually to another country or maybe another universe," says Eastwick, a believer in OOOB (Out-of-Body Experiences). "We have no idea what we can do with our brain power. We can create positive energy, turn a thought into a reality." Eastwick's brain power—and control—failed him, though, when he walked in a run in the 11th inning of a 1-0 loss at St. Louis.

"I'm a native of Houston and I've been

with the Astros all their 15 years, but only recently have I felt safe to walk the streets of this city," said Lynwood Stallings, the team's director of scouting. What made him feel safe was a string of excellent pitching performances. Joe Sanabria, 24, stopped St. Louis 6-0 on four hits. Then came a sweep of Philadelphia's Oan Larson, 22, won 3-1 with a five-hitter. J. R. Richard, 26, gave up seven hits in a 3-2 game, and Bo McLaughlin, 22, won 1-0 while yielding only six hits.

Randy Jones of San Diego (0-5) was saddled with his 10th loss, a 3-0 verdict in Pittsburgh, one of three shutouts suffered by the Padres. Although attendance has been mediocre in Atlanta (1-3), hopes were high for a big game on Jacket Night. Warmup jackets awaited the first 5,000 youngsters that night. Alas, only 2,364 fans showed up. "It'll be good to get back to Candlestick and some decent weather," joked Bobby Murcer of San Francisco (2-3) after driving in five runs between rundrops during a 10-7 win in New York.

CIN 65-50 LA 77-56 HOUS 68-66
SD 63-73 ATL 56-75 SF 58-77

AL WEST Kansas City, which led by 12 games on Aug. 6, began the week with a suit-comfortable nine-game advantage over Oakland. But the Royals lost 15-6 to the Red Sox on Sunday, while the A's nipped the Tigers 2-1. Don Baylor opened the 12th inning of this victory with a single, sped to third on a bunt and scored on Gene Tenace's single. That left Kansas City eight games up. Both contenders dropped their next two outings, but while the Royals lost again on Wednesday, the A's sliced the lead to seven games when Vida Blue beat the Yankees 5-0. After a dry off, Kansas City lost once more, and Oakland zapped California 3-0 as Mike Torrez gave up just two hits. That brought the A's to within six games of the Royals, whose attack had suddenly fizzled. Royal Manager Whitney Herzog even rested George Brett, whose average had fallen almost 40 points in six weeks. "When I saw him throw his helmet and try to kick it and miss, I knew it was time," Herzog said.

There was no stopping Rod Carew of Minnesota (5-2). He batted .375, stole home for the 15th time in his career and scored all the way from first when a wild throw was made on a bunt. Dave Goltz defeated Milwaukee 4-0, and Tom Burgmeier and Tom Johnson excelled in relief. Burgmeier permitted just three hits in 8½ innings in a 10-3 decision over the Brewers, and Johnson allowed one run in 8½ innings as he beat Milwaukee. Another relief win went to Bill Campbell (14-4), giving the Twins' bullpen a 28-7 record.

Jim Umberger of the Rangers (3-2) cooled off the Orioles 11-0, and newcomer Tom Boggs frustrated the Royals 4-1.

A three-game sweep of Detroit lifted California (4-1) out of the cellar. Paul Hartzell

continued

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BASEBALL continued

and Frank Tanana won five-hitters, and Nolan Ryan, his fastball blazing at 97 mph in the ninth, fanned 11 Tigers.

Falling into the basement was Chicago (1-3). After an 11-1 loss to the Twins, in which his outfielders pursued batted balls with unrelenting ineptitude, Manager Paul Richards labeled their performances "the worst I have ever seen in the big leagues."

KC 78-55 OAK 72-61 MINN 67-66
TEX 61-72 CAL 58-75 CHC 67-76

AL EAST The only first-place team to lose no ground was New York (page 24), which won three of five. Jim Palmer of Baltimore (3-2), who was 6-7 on June 10, improved his record to 19-11 when he held off Kansas City 4-3. Then Orioles Mike Flanagan, who was bothered by a cold, and Lee May, who was conked by a line drive during pregame practice, teamed up to beat the Royals again, 7-1. Flanagan pitched a six-hitter, May drove in four runs.

Boston's hopes for a third-place finish were dimmed when Ferguson Jenkins was lost for the rest of the season after undergoing surgery on a torn Achilles tendon. But Luis Tiant brought his victory total to 17 as he won twice. And the Red Sox (4-1) were hitting at last—drubbing the Royals 15-6 and clubbing the Rangers 11-3.

Jim Bibby of the Indians (3-1) defeated the White Sox 3-0; Jim Kern notched his ninth win when the Tribe scored three times in the 10th to trim Chicago 4-2. And Stan Thomas preserved a 7-4 verdict over the Twins with four innings of hitless relief. Play-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOHN CANDELAIRIA: Pittsburgh's surge got a boost when the 6'7" lefty, who was 4-4 in early June, ran his record to 14-5 by holding San Francisco to five hits as he won 3-2 in 11 innings and by defeating Montreal 7-2.

er-Manager Frank Robinson was fined \$4 by Cleveland's Kangaroo Court. The charge: showboating on his 41st birthday by inserting himself as a pinch runner.

It was all downhill for Mark Fidrych and Detroit (0-5). First Fidrych lost to the A's 2-1 in 12 innings. Then a game in California was delayed 15 minutes when he became trapped in a special "Bird Cage" while signing autographs. And finally Fidrych was tagged for nine runs in 3½ innings by the Brewers. "You name it, I threw it, they hit it," The Bird said. Milwaukee (2-5) won that game 11-2 as First Baseman Mike Hegan made a rare start and hit for the cycle.

NY 80-50 BAL 66-62 CLEV 67-64
BOS 64-66 DET 61-71 MIL 59-71

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GIVEN THAT MAN WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO RUN—OR SWIM—AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, HOW FAST CAN HE ULTIMATELY GO? ASK DR. JOKL, HE'S GOT NOTHING TO HIDE

If it seems that Shirley Babushoff had a galling Olympics, consider the plight of Don Schollander, who in 1964 won four gold medals in swimming and set a world record of 4:12.2 in the 400-meter freestyle. Two months ago in Montreal he had to watch East Germany's 15-year-old Petra Thümer not only outswim Babushoff but also surpass his old record with her 4:09.89. "I wouldn't even have placed second," said Schollander, now a business executive in Portland, Ore. Then he grinned, clearly unperturbed. "It's part of a swimmer's frame of reference that records keep going down."

It is, and they do, to the extent that you can be assured that within a year or two Thümer or her successor will better the world record of 4:07.7 set by Mark Spitz in 1968. The women's record is only 2.19 seconds shy of it and has been lowered 9.15 seconds in the last four years. In that period the men have taken 8.18 seconds off Spitz' mark; Brian Goodell set the current record of 3:51.93 in Montreal. At their present rate of improvement, the women will beat that time by 1984. Indeed, there is at least the statistical prospect that women 400-meter swimmers, who in 1962 were 10.85% slower than their male contemporaries but are now only 7.74% slower, will one day—say the early 1990s—swim the 400 as fast as men.

Schollander may be amused, but a more widespread response, among both sexes, is to wonder what in the world is going on? One man who can tell us precisely, and has for some years—albeit in narrowly circulated medical journals—is Dr. Ernst Jokl, a robust, 69-year-old professor at the University of Kentucky and director of its research laboratories. A respected neurologist who in his teens won the German championship in the 400-meter hurdles, Jokl is the father of what he calls record physiology. Occasionally scornful of laboratory research in exercise physiology because it is lacking in predictive relevance, he considers

the real world the best lab and world records his raw data.

"We have to understand that all records are progressing toward finite limits," said Jokl last week from behind a great stack of charts and graphs in his study. "To vaguely suggest otherwise is insupportable. Can man ever run at the speed of light? No. Between the present records and that impossible speed are levels beyond which no human can ever go. Some records—many of those in track and field—are nearing those limits right now. How do we know? Look at the curves. As the record improvements get smaller and the time between them longer—what we would expect as we near the limit—the curve begins to flatten out, to become asymptotic, as we say."

"The ultimate limits of the sprint records in track we glimpsed in 1968, when the altitude of Mexico City facilitated performance. All those records [100, 200, 400, and 800 and 1,600 relays] stand essentially unimproved today. They'll be beaten, but not by very much. Yet look at the javelin," pointing to a jerky line crawling diagonally up a page. "It is still going up without any suggestion of flattening, so we can predict even longer throws, especially since they're always monkeying around with the design of the javelin."

Jokl produced two curves that not only were not flattening, but also seemed to be ascending at an ever steeper rate. "Swimming!" exclaimed Jokl. "Imagine these 1,500-meter swimmers taking 50 seconds off the record in four years [Goodell has this record too, 15:02.40]. From this kind of curve there is no way to predict any limits. All you can say is that swimming's evolutionary state is well behind running's."

Another of Jokl's charts compares the rates at which swimmers and runners slow down as their distances lengthen. Goodell averaged one minute per 100 meters in his record 1,500, or a decrease in velocity of 20% from Jim Montgom-

ery's record 49.99 for 100 meters. Yet the best a runner has been able to do for an equivalent time—Emiel Puttemans' world-record 5,000 meters of 13:13.0—is 44% slower than world-record 400-meter sprinting speed. If Olympic sprint champion Hasely Crawford of Trinidad only slowed by 20% over a mile, he would run it in 3:13.5.

Here Jokl finds an explanation in the work of Physiologist Otto Gauer who, in studying weightlessness for NASA, discovered that there is a marked increase in the size of the heart when a person is immersed in water. "Gauer found that in swimmers the heart works virtually unencumbered by gravity," says Jokl. "Consequently, the cardiovascular system greatly increases its capacity for carrying oxygen to the muscles."

Thus, swimmers' pulse rates stay lower than runners', and the limiting factor in their performances may be how well individual muscle cells adapt to training, and not—as was formerly believed—how effectively the circulatory system gets oxygen to them. This may explain, too, why swimmers can train five or six hours a day, while runners break down if they train more than two hours.

One event in which the limit has been reached—the only one, in Jokl's estimation—is the men's long jump. "Bob Beamon's 29' 2 1/2" was the greatest single feat in the recorded history of athletics," Jokl says flatly, calling it the first and only "mutation performance" in sport because it was not preceded by an orderly development of the long-jump record. In the 33 years before 1968 the record had been improved by 8 1/2", from Jesse Owens' 26' 8 1/2" in 1935 to the 27'5" by Ralph Boston in 1965. Beamon tacked on 1' 9 1/2" at one pop, about an 84-year advance at the previous rate. Because the self-generated forces necessary to propel a human body as far as Beamon jumped verge on those which tear muscles and break bones, and because the long-jump curve was flattening anyway, Jokl is convinced that the chance of anyone ever exceeding Beamon is practically nil.

By way of demonstrating the absurdly distant realm that Beamon briefly entered that October afternoon, Jokl fitted a standard distribution curve over the results of the Mexico City long jump and found that Beamon's 29' 2 1/2" was 11.94 standard deviations from the mean of the next five competitors. To get that far

continued

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*10:55 a.m.	11:51 a.m.		* 8:00 a.m.	8:57 a.m.	Breakfast
*11:50 a.m.	12:45 p.m.	Snack	*10:25 a.m.	11:18 a.m.	
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1:30 p.m.	3:25 p.m.		10:50 a.m.	12:18 p.m.	
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* 6:15 p.m.	7:11 p.m.	Wine Basket	* 4:00 p.m.	4:55 p.m.	
6:50 p.m.	8:53 p.m.		4:00 p.m.	5:55 p.m.	
* 7:55 p.m.	8:51 p.m.		* 5:00 p.m.	5:56 p.m.	Wine Basket
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ahead of the world over 200 meters would require a 16.97 (Don Quarrie's record is 19.81), over 400 meters a 37.23 (Lee Evans' record is 43.86).

"Beamon violates every statistical rule in the book," says Jokl. "Jesse Owens was good, but compared with Beamon he was chicken feed."

Jokl finds the ramifications of Beamon's jump so profound that he has written a long and detailed attempt to account for it, relating all the influences that were or might have been at work on the jumper's physiology that day. Besides the following wind being exactly at the allowable speed, the fast runway, the reduced air resistance at Mexico City's altitude and Beamon's good luck in hitting the takeoff board perfectly, Jokl believes there is neurological evidence of an additional factor, one that takes some explaining.

"The altitude probably lowered everyone's reflex thresholds [the level at which a stimulus evokes a response], so muscular reaction would be heightened," he

says. "In Beamon's case, that probably combined with increased sensitivity of the—forgive me—the Ascending Reticular Activating System. The ARAS is the system in the brain that controls consciousness as well as muscle tone in the antigravity muscles in the legs. We can deduce that Beamon's ARAS was also in a supersensitive state, because when he learned what his distance was, he simply collapsed. It was a classic case of a cataleptic seizure of the ARAS. Beamon remained perfectly conscious, but he said his legs just gave out and he couldn't rise for a minute or more. It's a well-known neurological phenomenon, in all the literature, though never before preceded by a world long-jump record."

No matter how we struggle to explain Beamon's performance, the fact of it remains, looming large over Jokl's historical curves. "The element of unpredictability is the core of the attractiveness of sport," he says. "The Beamon jump is in one sense entirely inexplicable. Nothing justifies the assumption that we're going

to see another 29-foot long jump. We have yet to see 28 feet, even though millions of boys have trained and tried since 1968. But it happened once, so we cannot totally ignore the possibility of such a thing happening in another event."

And so Jokl will not extrapolate from his curves a set of unbreachable ultimate records in any event or sport. "No, I cannot undertake responsibility to do that, if only because technological innovations are unpredictable. Personally, I don't feel that women will ever swim faster than men, or that anyone will ever do eight feet in the high jump. On the same basis, I think the 800-meter world record has long been overdue to drop below 1:43 [it is now 1:43.50]. But that is not science, and it makes no allowance for the mysteries of human genius."

As he says this, Jokl sits at his piano, a beloved Steinway. He plays a selection from Bach, then a lighter, uplifting melody. "Who could have studied the Vienna school of music and predicted the coming of a Mozart?" he asks. **END**

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by Sam Moses



CONTINUED



Laguna Diablo is about 175 miles down the Baja California peninsula. It is surrounded by mountains of brown rock. It is dry. It is desolate. It is miles from the nearest plumbing, the nearest freeway. At night the sky looks close enough for a man to be able to squeeze the stars through his fingers, but that is pure deception; Laguna Diablo is closer to hell than it is to heaven.

One moonless night last June a group of off-road racers were hunched around a campfire swapping off-road-racer lies: bench racing, they call it. The next morning they would disband and down to explore stretches of the 415-mile course for the Baja International Off-Road Race. As their jaws and brains tired, the conversation tapered to silence. One of the racers had just begun to think about making the effort necessary to snap the fire's spell, to get up and shake the rattlesnakes out of his sleeping bag and crawl in, when two yellow lights appeared on the horizon four or five miles away on the parched lake bed. The lights were small, but they grew rapidly, and soon a swirling, humming cloud of

dust was illuminated by them. At first the spectral cloud seemed to be heading away from the campers, across the lake bed toward a mountain, but then it pivoted, like a guided missile whose heat sensors had suddenly locked onto the campfire, and, at 100 mph, shot straight for the racers.

"That'll be Walker," they said in unison. Some of them didn't even blink away the glaze the fire had baked on their eyes.

The hum became a buzz, a grumble, then a roar; each light split, and now four lights crashed through the dust to reveal an off-white Chevy Blazer. Just when it seemed as if the Blazer was going to stampede through the campsite, the lights bent away and the truck slid to a stop, driver's door next to the fire. The lights flicked black; the hot engine creaked quiet; dust drifted down in the silence and settled over the campsite, on the men. A match was struck inside the Blazer to light a cigarette, and newborn shadows slipped around a felt cowboy hat. The face and body under the hat climbed out of the Blazer and stretched. Pearl shirt snaps glowed like polished metal buttons, and a sterling silver belt buckle reflected so sharply it seemed to be a tiny window into the man's belly, where a campfire was burning. His filigreed blue cowboy boots had no cow dung on their pointy toes.

The man took a sullen drag on his cigarette, tilted the gray Stetson off his forehead with the side of an index finger and said with a sudden grin, "Damn. I need a tequila."

Not many people know that Walker Evans is the son of a Seventh-Day Adventist missionary, but a whole lot believe he's the country's best off-road racer. Just as many people think Parnelli Jones, Evans' teammate and owner of Evans' racer, is better, but Parnelli isn't always one of them. When he's pressed—and when he's in a good mood—he'll admit that fastest, which he is, isn't always best.

Says Jones of Evans, "One time I was following Walker on a trail and there was this cliff over on one side and a bank on the other, and we come sliding around this corner sideways and there was this Jeep in the middle of the road. I figured Walker was history. But he just kept sliding until he was almost in the Jeep's grille and at the last minute just whipped his truck straight ahead and put it right between the Jeep and the edge of the cliff. He was so close that the door handles clicked as he went by. I'll never know how he didn't hit that thing. I know the first thing I would've done: I would've driven right over the cliff."

"The only off-road racer I would ever codrive with is Walker."

Evans has always used a codriver, because ever since he began off-road racing in 1969 he has driven two-seat pickup trucks, as opposed to single-seat buggies. But in his case, codriver is a misnomer. A more precise definition would be passenger, or possibly even captive audience, because Ev-



ans' codriver is about as functional as a Raggedy Ann doll. With most off-road racers, a codriver on occasion can make himself useful by watching the gauges, honking the horn, operating the windshield wipers, cleaning the driver's sunglasses, keeping an eye out for shortcuts or pushing the vehicle when it gets stuck. Occasionally he can be invaluable as a mechanic, or as an alter ego who paces the driver and snaps him out of traps and mental errors; such was the function of the most renowned codriver, Bill Stroppe, who used to sit next to Parnelli in the "Big Oly" Bronco (which Stroppe got in shape) and shout, "Slow down, you stupid son of a bitch!"—an encouragement Jones needed to keep the Bronco off its roof. Most people figured Stroppe was plumb out of his mind. The act of riding with Jones seemed evidence enough; but calling him names and telling him to

rubber blocks so the cab doesn't vibrate but floats.

Sometimes the whole truck floats, like three or four feet in the air at 70 mph, over a jump. The landing on the 14 shock absorbers and four obese tires is so soft the earth feels like an innerspring mattress, as if the truck is touching ground in slow motion. Over smoother terrain, say a dry lake bed or dirt road, the truck can reach its top speed of 138 mph.

Evans tools along over that sort of terrain at those speeds driving with one hand. His left hand grips the steering wheel and his right hand a Salem, wedged between the knuckles of his index finger and middle finger. If there are sharp curves on the trail he may use both hands, the Salem squeezed between his teeth until the fibers from the filter start to squirt onto his tongue. If the trail is bumpy, he'll



slow down ... well, any man fool enough to do such a thing has to have had a few screws vibrate loose from all that bouncing.

They don't say that about Evans' codriver. Evans doesn't really need anyone to remind him the track works better belly down, so his codriver is along mostly for company. There is a waiting list of volunteers to codrive, not so much for Evans' company as to get a ride in that big bright yellow truck Evans drives: a 350-cu.-in., 370-hp Chevrolet Silverado shortbed stepside pickup, more powerful, more comfortable and a whole lot more spectacular—although no quicker—than a good buggy. The truck is the brainchild of Dick Russell, foreman and factotum of the off-road-racing shop at Parnelli Jones Enterprises. It is a full ton lighter than a showroom Silverado, and about 10 times as expensive. Underneath the body, much of which is fiber glass, Russell built a tubular roll cage on the same principle as a suspension bridge. The cage is mounted on

split the cigarette out the window and let his right hand flap around at ear level as he bounces up and down like a basketball on a fast break. He looks like a crash-helmeted cowboy riding a bucking bronco with bucket seats.

Evans speaks as if he had spent his childhood watching old Henry Fonda cowboy movies and the drawl had rolled right off the screen onto his tongue.

"I've always liked heavy equipment: caterpillars, bulldozers, earth movers and such. Really enjoyed them, watching them work, driving those big things. Got out of high school and went to work for a construction company, worked my way up to superintendent from the bottom—I mean the very bottom, a parts gofer."

Today, at 37, Evans is a general contractor in Riverside, Calif., building bridges and highways. He has entered 14 Baja races, finished 12 times and won the truck class all but once. He has earned his reputation for being able to drive a truck through Baja at breakneck speeds and bring it home

continued

alive. Rare intuition enables him to avoid the rocks and ruts on the trail that shake nerve endings like a dog worrying a dirty sock and snap axles like Bruce Lee chopping down Christmas trees. Evans seems to make the truck glide . . . not around boulders, not over them, but somehow through them, as if it weren't the truck dodging rocks, but rocks dodging the truck. He doesn't jerk the steering wheel between obstacles, but moves it as if it all had been planned for miles. Every move practiced, every twist programmed. In a sport where crashes are inevitable, Evans has crashed once, and there were extenuating circumstances: it was not a race but a practice run, at night, four men in the cab of one pickup truck, a bottle of tequila, things like that. The truck is still down at the bottom of the canyon.

The average practice run isn't made at night with four men and a bottle of tequila. In fact, it isn't even called a practice run, but a pre-run. Pre-running is an important part of preparing for a Baja race. The way for one racer to get an edge on another is to find a faster route than the official, marked route, if only by cutting a corner. This is not considered cheating by the competitors, who view discovering shortcuts as part of the challenge of reading the terrain.

Evans had driven the entire 415 miles three times before the start of the 1976 Baja International. He pre-ran with Jones, each in an air-conditioned Blazer prepared by Dick Russell and supplied by General Motors, which, although not officially racing, backs the Vel's Parnelli Jones off-road team. Said one GM representative at Baja, with a grin that tacitly conceded he was about to speak in euphemisms, "We're not racing down here, we're, uh, product testing." About the same way Cale Yarborough product-tests in a NASCAR Chevelle.

Almost everyone pre-runs. One afternoon Evans and Jones were reconnoitering a shortcut on foot, and they heard an engine droning across the desert. "Here comes a huggo!" said Jones excitedly, jumping like a little boy caught smoking behind the barn, and whispering despite the fact that the buggy was at least half a mile away. "Quick, let's get out of here."

Evans and Jones knew and accepted the fact that they would be shadowed on this pre-run by at least one truck, which would be carrying a film crew from Pacific Productions, who were making a sequel to *On Any Sunday*, Pacific's motorcycle success, to be titled, succinctly, *Dirt*. Evans is an investor in the film.

For the sake of show biz, this pre-run took place less around the racecourse than around the campfire, where Dick Russell, the demon truck builder, became a veritable James Beard of the bush. When he wasn't twisting a wrench, he was spinning an eggbeater; when he wasn't fixing a broken fuel pump, he was baking biscuits over the campfire. He operated out of a one-ton van, which, before the days of air-conditioned Blazers, had been a pre-run vehicle, and had racked up half its quarter-million miles off the road. It was a modern-day chuck wagon, chock full of cast-iron skillets the size of manhole covers, ice chests as big as coffins, channel locks and coffee pots, ratchets and rolling pins and gaskets and Glad Bags. Russell ruled over the van with an irascibility no one took seriously—a mechanized Gabby

Hayes. For three days he cooked for 18 to 20 people as no man has ever cooked in the middle of the desert before or may ever again. Said Russell in defense of his efforts, as if they needed any defense to those reaping the fruits (and vegetables). "We might as well eat good, there's nothing else to do down here."

All that good food and camaraderie will make pre-running look romantic: in the movie, but Evans got to the essence of a real pre-run when, after polishing off a porterhouse steak and sucking on a toothpick he drew from a plastic container in his shirt pocket, he said, "Usually it's a hug of Fritos and a warm six-pack."

This year's International drew a record 387 entries and paid \$102,000 including contingency money. It covered a snaking path down and across Baja to the fishing village of San Felipe on the east coast and back to Ensenada again, all but 40 miles off the road. Little of it was smooth, some sections had been chopped through the cacti with machetes. "None of those long, sleepy, lachrymose roads where you can sit back and take it easy," said Evans. "I've seen rougher, but this course is one rough José."

The race began at the crack of dawn on June 11. The motorcycles left the starting line at 6 a.m., and the four-wheeled vehicles began at 8, individually and at 30-second intervals. Evans idled onto the wooden starting ramp under the Carta Blanca beer banner at 8:27, he carefully removed his black felt Stetson with both hands, dusted it off with a few solid whacks against the steering wheel and handed it out the window to his wife Dorene. "Be back before dinner," he said to her. And he was off.

He mashed the accelerator to the floor and the truck turned the starting ramp into a ski jump. Lining the banks of the course, which began in a dry stream bed meandering out of Ensenada, Mexicans cheered and shouted at Evans' truck as it roared and slid and skipped past them, leaping hammocks that kids had built in the dirt the night before the race. One kid, playing El Cordobes in the stream bed, flapped a red shirt at Evans. "¡Ah! El Trucko!" The co-driver, not having much else to do, waved at the spectators through the nylon net stretched across his window and shouted "Ole" at the kid.

Evans was already into a rhythm, working the gas and brake pedals as if he were at the controls of a helicopter. His shoulders were loose, his jaw slack, his eyes unblinking in concentration. He was driving at about 80% of his capability. Evans is good because he's smart: he knew it would be foolish to charge at the start of a 10-hour race, especially when the dust was at its worst. But even at this long-distance pace, Evans and his co-driver began passing vehicles, within the first 10 miles they had seen two broken buggies and had begun to pick off some of the 52 buggies that had started before them.

Fastest man to the first checkpoint, 35 miles from the start, was Jones, driving his infamous Funny-Blazer, which is about as much Blazer as banana bread. Jones beat Ivan Stewart (who would turn his single-seater Funco over to Bobby Ferro at the halfway point) by nearly three minutes and Evans by almost five. But Jones should have had Stroppe

continued

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along to yell at him. A few miles after the checkpoint he hit a knee-high boulder that had been obscured by dust; after splinting the rock, the Blazer skidded for 100 feet—minus its right front wheel—and stopped against a fallen tree.

By the time Evans reached the scene, Jones had already changed from his helmet to his jaunty denim cap, but he wasn't in a jaunty mood. He had worn a circle in the brush, where he had been stamping around and swearing at the Blazer. As Evans drove slowly by, Jones shouted, "Tell Russell I ran into a rock and broke the right front ball joint!" which was like Custer saying he ran into a few Indians and they spoiled his afternoon.

"P.J. is always telling me, 'Don't do as I do, do what you normally do and finish the race, so at least somebody makes the team look good.'" Evans said to the codriver. "If only he could slow himself down. . . ." Then Evans' mind quickly

shifted gears from Jones to his own race.

Evans had averaged 54.97 mph on the first leg, but now the course got slower and twistier as it climbed to 5,500 feet and wound between pine trees, a few of which had traded pieces of bark for bits of buggy paint. At the first stop Evans informed Russell of Jones' broken ball joints while gas was dumped into the truck's 56-gallon tanks. Danny Shields, Evans' chief mechanic, climbed on the truck's fiber-glass hood and snapped off the codriver's windshield wiper; the wipers, flapping steadily to scrape off dust, had been tripping on one another from the start, and had finally wrapped around each other like skinny lovers. About a minute later Evans and the codriver were moving again, the first problem cured—the remaining wiper was wiping away more smoothly, although more lonely.

"Allright!" shouted Evans as they churned away from the pit stop. Meanwhile, Dennis Fuji, the engine builder of

the crew, was sent out in search of Jones. After driving around the bush, he finally found the broken Blazer. By this time Jones had hatched a ride back to Ensenada, and Fuji sat down beside the broken machine with a book to wait for a trailer to come and haul it away. But he didn't get lonely sitting and waiting. He had some visitors.

Fuji had been there an hour when six gorillas drove up in a pickup truck. Drunk, and with four-day stubbles, they looked like regular bandidos.

The biggest bandido got out of the truck and walked over to Fuji.

"Hey, you alone, amigo?" he asked.

"My friends will be here any minute," Fuji lied.

"You got a gun?"

Fuji decided not to stretch his luck. He shook his head from side to side.

"It's not safe for a gringo to be out here alone, you know. People try to steal things."

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The bandido's eyes gleamed as brightly as his silver interior. "You want to sell your wheels?"

"No sale," said Fuji.

"My friends, those five big men over there, they really like your wheels," said the bandido cheerfully.

"No sale," said the ever faithful Fuji firmly.

One of the bandido's big friends walked over to him and, with his back to Fuji and his arm around the bandido, gestured with his thumb at his hip to the side of the Blazer, where it said PARNELL JONES. After Zapata, Parnell Jones is the biggest name in Baja.

The bandido turned around. "My friends say they won't buy your wheels if you give them a fender that says Parnell on it," he said to Fuji.

Jones' right front fender lay cracked beside the car.

"It's a deal," said Fuji, and six smiling gorillas rode off in a rusting and rat-

ting old truck that would soon have a new white Blazer fender chicken-wired to it, and one Hawaiian-Japanese gringo collapsed into a bucket seat, overcome by a rush of relief.

"Uh-oh, we're in trouble now," said Evans, over the whirring of wheels spinning in the sand. He had swerved in order to dodge some overhanging branches that could have cracked the windshield, and had run off the road, nudged a tree and gotten stuck. Evans and the codriver unfastened their shoulder harnesses and crawled out of the windows. While Evans dug furiously around the rear wheels with a tiny Army-surplus shovel, the codriver gathered brush and packed it under the wheels. Evans blasted out of the hole while the codriver stood on the rear bumper, and sped away as the codriver climbed from the bumper to the bed and into the cab, feeling like Roy Rogers leaping off Trigger and scram-

bling from the caboose to the locomotive to rescue a runaway passenger train. "Go!" he shouted as he dived into his bucket seat headfirst, his legs still dangling out the window. Evans gave him a curious glance. The codriver felt silly when he got rightside up and realized they had already been going.

Half an hour later Evans suddenly shouted "Whoops!" as he pumped the brakes. "No reason!" he shouted to himself. "I'll be damned!" he shouted cryptically. Then he finally got to the point. "No brakes!" he shouted.

"None?" asked the codriver.

"Well, a little," replied Evans. "I think we've got a broken line. All I got is front brakes. There's definitely a problem, but whatever's wrong, it ain't nothing we've done."

"Can you get this thing to the next stop at El Chino?"

"Oh yeah, we'll get to El Chino all right. Danny can fix the brakes there."

continued

its time. Paul Masson



Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California © 1976

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(The crews stayed one step ahead of the racers by traveling between the pit stops via the highway, which was possible because the course conveniently snaked back and forth across the pavement in miles-long arcs.)

The pickup began dropping out of the pines into a valley, along a steep, narrow, downhill trail of jagged rocks, some as big as breadboxes. As the truck stumbled on fading front brakes to the bottom, the codriver looked over, saw Evans diving left-handed and wondered why he didn't stop flapping his free right hand and cover his eyes with it.

In the valley the trail smoothed and spread into a small dry lake bed, where the truck accelerated to about 120 mph. Suddenly Evans pressed the brake pedal down hard. Metal clanked against metal as the pedal hit the floorboard. The truck slowed to about 80 mph. The codriver looked at Evans. Evans shrugged.

They approached two buggies in the lake bed. Just as one buggy pulled out to pass the other, Evans squatted between them and passed them both, laughing. "Ha! No brakes, and I still passed them!" "You didn't pass them with the brakes, you passed them with the gas!" shouted the codriver over the roar.

"Yeah, boy," said Evans, still laughing. "The gas!"

When the lake bed ran out, Evans announced, "There's a shortcut up ahead in a sand wash." But he headed into the wrong wash—they all look alike anyhow, thought the codriver, who had been of no help in spotting the shortcut: seen one sand wash you seen them all—and they were being led away from the course. Off-road racers would rather get out and push than backtrack, so Evans slowly cut across the middle of the desert, dodging boulders and cacti and sand traps at 10 mph, not knowing exactly where the course was but hoping to meet it at the pass. When they finally discovered the trail again, Evans began attacking the road; he was mad at himself for missing the shortcut and was driving impenitently.

"Hey! Don't get carried away!" admonished the codriver. "Forget the mistake!"

That reminder was all it took. Evans replied, "O.K.," irritably, then pouted, thought about it and nodded his head in agreement. A minute later he was back

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Cloud of Dust

continued

into his rhythm. "All'rehit!" he yelled.

Before the truck had even staggered to a stop at El Chinero, Evans shouted out the window to Shields, ready with a gas can. "No brakes!"

"No brakes!" shouted the codriver out the other window to Russell.

"No brakes?" asked Shields in one window, Russell in the other.

"No brakes!" replied both Evans and the codriver out opposite windows.

Shields and Russell looked at each other. "No brakes? No brakes!" and with that they dived under the truck as it was being gassed and the rear tires were being changed. Quickly they found the problem: a rock had struck the rear caliper and broken the brake line.

"Can't fix it here," Shields said. "You got any brakes?"

"Just enough to keep from killing ourselves or someone else," answered Evans. "We drove it in here like this, so I guess we can go the rest of the way. Just fill it up with brake fluid. It's leaking so fast that I'm losing my front brakes, too."

Another crew member was talking to the codriver. "You're 45 minutes behind the first car."

"What's its number?" asked the codriver.

"It's 100."

"That's Ferro and Stewart," the codriver told Evans. "If we're 45 minutes behind them, that means they've gained about 17 minutes on us."

"I don't care about that," snapped Evans as they pulled away. "We're just gonna keep driving like we're doing. As long as we're leading our class, that's all that matters."

A bit about Evans' class. In 1975 he obliterated the pickup truck class, and the other truckers pointed out that Evans' Chevy was so modified that it wasn't really a truck at all; it was a, well, they couldn't say for sure what it was, but whatever it was, it wasn't a pickup truck, no matter what it looked like, and they shouldn't have to race against it. So in 1976 the Chevy was reclassified as a "two-seat vehicle," which was as close as officials could come to defining the truck. There were 38 other two-seaters competing in last June's race.

From El Chinero the course followed the highway for 36.7 miles to San Felipe, where it left the pavement and began winding north and west to Ensenada

again. San Felipe was halfway. Evans had been driving nearly five hours and had covered 233 miles. The next 60 miles were the fastest of the course, and Evans drove them as if he were intent on making up the 17 minutes on Ferro, despite what he had said. The road was smooth, silty and relatively wide, and Evans handled the truck as if it were the son of a sprint car father and a trail bike mother. He kept his foot away from the brakes and slowed for the wide turns by pitching the truck sideways to scrub off speed; it wallowed and bucked in the sand like a powerboat making a sharp turn; even the sand spraying against the truck's undercarriage sounded like water splashing on a boat's hull. The sharper turns had sandy berms rimming them, and Evans steered the truck head-on toward each berm, flicked the steering wheel at the last minute and bounced the outside rear tire against the sandy cushion to keep the truck on the road.

They crossed Laguna Diablo. There, less than a mile from where they had camped 10 days earlier, was a funnel cloud of dust, a skinny, sinister twister reaching a good 100 feet into the sky, snaking along the course toward them. Evans blinked. The codriver gulped. He thought, "There's a hole the size of a Chevy pickup truck inside that twister, and we're..."

Whooosh. An invisible jet plane seemed to pass two feet over them. Evans had kept his foot to the floor and the steering wheel dead ahead; they had crashed through the twister at 135 mph like a Greyhound bus hurtling through a wall of wicker baskets. The truck hadn't so much as weaved two inches off course. Evans and the codriver just looked at each other.

Because this leg was near San Felipe and accessible, there was an audience for much of it: scattered groups of spectators who grinned and raised their fists or simply stood agape at the sight of a big yellow pickup truck sliding through sweeping turns at 80 mph, leading a rooster tail of sand. Some, convinced Evans was completely out of control when they saw him coming at them sideways, dived behind the nearest cactus. The codriver would flash the peace sign.

Things were going so smoothly Evans smugly remarked to the codriver, "I bet five bucks we could stop and go for a

swim, get back in and go home to Ensenada and still win the two-seater class." No sooner had he gotten that thought out of his mouth than he overshot a turn, fortunately at a spot where they could get back on the course without losing more than a few seconds.

"Keep your mind on drivin' and off swimmin'," said the codriver. "The next time you run off the road we may not be so lucky."

"Run off the road?" replied an undaunted Evans. "How can you run off the road in an off-road race?"

The road into the fifth checkpoint, an oasis high in the mountains where an enterprising Mexican had built a small resort called Mike's Sky Ranch, was narrow, and many of the turns were blind, bordered on the outside by steep slopes and, in some places, sheer cliffs. Realizing how serious, even dangerous, the lack of brakes had become, Evans took no chances, he drove cautiously and conservatively, and required two hours and 23 minutes to cover about 38 miles. Still, he misjudged one turn—a sharp left-hander on the blind side of a crest—and the truck fell over a bank. For a few minutes he and the codriver feared they might not be able to drive the truck back up to the road, but Evans eventually spotted a trail that allowed them to escape.

"We'll never know how close that was," Evans said in relief as they bounced back on the road.

They had been racing nearly nine hours. An engine flywheel dust cover had vibrated loose—harmless enough, but the truck sounded as if it had picked up a hitchhiking platoon of little men with rakes who were busily scraping leaves across the bottom of the engine block, and whistling while they worked. As if to divert his attention from the yardwork taking place under the hood, Evans reached into the pocket of his fireproof suit for another cigarette.

Evans spotted two Mexican boys at the side of the road, grinning and waving their arms like hustlers flagging tourists into a Tijuana strip show. Evans slowed nearly to a stop, smiled out his window and said, "No way, boys." Then he rolled through a huge, hidden rut that at 60 mph could have taken the ball joints to the same junkyard as Parnell's.

A few miles farther on, a spectator raised three fingers as they sped past.

"Did you see that?" asked Evans. "That must mean we're the third car through. Hot damn! Only two ahead of us."

There were only two. Evans had passed 50 buggies, and even a few bikes, despite the bikes' two-hour head start.

On the final long leg, a 58.15-mile jaunt between the tiny villages of El Rodeo and Ojos Negros, the number of spectators grew as the truck got closer and closer to Ensenada. Most of the American spectators were involved in the race in some way, so they knew who Evans was, and, from his position, knew he must have been chasing Ferro all day. But they didn't know that he had driven most of the race with practically no brakes.

There was one small group in particular that Evans wished had known about the brakes. Then maybe they would have understood that the contretemps with the barbed-wire fence wasn't his fault. Not too much, anyhow.

About 20 spectators were standing around a 110-degree left-hander at the end of a roller-coaster dirt road, and Evans came storming down the road at 100 mph, the truck sailing high enough over the undulations for the spectators to see the horizon under its belly. Evans waited until the last instant to back off—he had practiced this turn during a pre-run, had it down pat and wanted to make it good—and then ... waited a split second longer. The codriver saw it coming. So did Evans. The truck slid toward the fence, its two front wheels locked and plowing furrows in the soft dirt. Evans cranked the steering wheel hard to the left so the truck wouldn't smash straight through the fence. It didn't, it smashed along the fence. The truck became entangled in barbed wire like a fork in spaghetti, fenceposts fell like saplings tripped over by a klutzy giant. One hundred and sixty feet of spaghetti tangled and 10 saplings fell—the crowd, whooping like fieldhands at a hootchy-kootchy show, had measured and counted.

After managing a chagrined "Sorry, folks" out the window—as much as the crowd loved it, he should have stopped, gotten out and taken a bow—Evans bounced back on the road and accelerated from the scene. The right front fender blew away; the hood flapped up and down "Terrific," he muttered.

continued

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"What'll it be?"

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB SCHUCHMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

Cloud of Dust continued

The codriver heard the barbed wire dragging behind the truck and the fenceposts clanking at the wire's end, like a honeymoon car with tin cans tied to its bumper.

"Looks like we're taking back a souvenir," he said. "Maybe we should stop and put a JUST MARRIED sign on the tailgate."

"All right, that's enough," replied Evans. He didn't like the idea.

And so they brought to the finish line half a bale of barbed wire wrapped around the axle, an engine powered by a multiplying army of madrigal gardeners, a hood that kept trying to stand up and jump overboard and a left front fender looking over its shoulder and wondering where its partner was. They were greeted in Ensenada as if they had liberated Mexico, by a crowd that included the *Dust* film crew and Dolline Evans, who carried a fresh cowboy hat for her husband—powder blue. Later that night he would change into his dinner hat—chocolate brown.

They had finished third overall, and first in the two-seater class, 17 minutes ahead of Tim Crabtree and Earl Stahl. The first two single-seat buggies, the Ferro-Stewart team and John Johnson, had been faster by 28 and 20 minutes respectively. They had started first and second and neither had seen another buggy along the way, which meant no dust. Also, their brakes worked (although Ferro had driven most of his half without second gear). In Baja, they will be talking about the year Walker Evans won his class, with no brakes for a long, long time—maybe even as long as they've been talking about the year he won his class with a steering wheel that was connected more to his hands than anything else.

The codriver was slow to climb out of the truck. When he did make his way out the window, someone remarked us to how he was sort of walking funny, hunched over and all, and trying to touch his shoulder blades with his ears—or was he trying to separate his shoulder blades from his ears?

"How did you like the ride?" asked a lady.

That was a tough question to answer at the finish line. But the codriver tried. "Well, put it this way," he said. "I learned at least one thing. Never ride in a pickup truck with a cowboy."

END

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As I See It

by EDWARD F. MURPHY

FOOTBALL FORMATION IN WHICH BOBBY LAYNE, T. S. ELIOT BOTH CALL SIGNALS

Observations apropos of the opening of the gridiron season

"Football is nothing but bestial fury and extreme violence, whereof proceedeth hate, and consequently rancour and malice do remaine with thym that be wounded, wherefore it is to be put in perpetuall silence." —SIR THOMAS ELIOT

"It's pretty hard to describe how that feels, throwing a pass and seeing a man catch it and seeing him in the end zone and seeing the referee throw his arms up in the air, signaling a touchdown, signaling that you've done just what you set out to do. It's an incredible feeling. It's like your whole body is bursting with happiness."

"I guess there's only one thing in the world that compares with it."

—JUL NAMAHE

"To watch a football game is to be in prolonged neurotic doubt as to what you're seeing. It's more like an emergency happening at a distance than a game. I don't wonder the spectators take to drink."

—JACQUES BARZEN

"A good coach needs a patient wife, a loyal dog and a great quarterback, but not necessarily in that order."

—BOB GRANT

"When a person looks at a game of football, he tends to see a reflection of his own life. If it's mainly violence and getting ahead and winning at all costs, he'll tend to see that in the game. Or if life is mainly statistics and numbers and measurements, he'll tend to see that. People look at the game and project their own reality onto it."

—JOHN BAUM

"I won't mention the name of this particular team we were playing, but at half-time we came in, pulled off our socks and began putting iodine on the teeth marks in our legs. Coach Bob Zuppke

continued



Julie Gillespie's school is taking the chill out of her afternoon.

There goes Julie and her classmates, a good nourishing hot lunch. Something they couldn't do a year or so ago.

Until now they couldn't afford it. Julie's school district had not a penny to spare. (What school district does these days?)

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Your grocer has Slim Jim's in mild, spicy, pizza, bacon, and salmon.

And it's so easy to carry, you may forget you've got it. Until your stomach reminds you.

Take it along for tennis, racing, ball games, or any time you're likely to get hungry.

Just to be sure your stomach gives you a sporting chance.

**A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL.
A LITTLE MORE THAN A SNACK.**



AS I SEE IT continued

said, "I'll tell you one thing: if we ever play this team again, I'll be on a Friday."

—RED GRANCA

"Football is a sensible game—but it is surrounded by crazy people."

—LOU LITTE

"If I can hit a man hard enough so he has to be carried off the field, I'll be glad to help him off."

—DEACON JONES

"I do know that if a boy wants to play football and for any reason you keep him from it, you will probably find that his character—or his temper—at least—will not improve."

—ELIASHORE ROOSEVELT

"Pro football is like nuclear warfare. There are no winners, only survivors."

—FRANK GIFFORD

Tackling is more natural than blocking. If a man is running down the street with everything you own, you won't let him get away. That's tackling."

—VINCE LOMBARDI

There is something in the swoop and shock of a hard tackle at the knees which stirs a racial memory and satisfies an ancient desire."

—MAURICE HANCK, *AVANTAGE*

"Football has become so complicated the student will find it a recreation to go to classes."

—T. S. ELIOT

I'm for the upperdog. I was for the underdog because I was one. Now I see the pressures that are on the upperdog.

The average fan cannot appreciate the pressure and emotional peak you must reach each week to keep from getting knocked off your perch at the top."

—BART STARR

"Never tell 'em how many lettermen you've got coming back. Tell 'em how many you lost."

—KNUCK ROCKE

"When I'm traveling, I ask farm boys how to get to a certain place. If they point with their finger, I move on. If they pick up the plow and point with it, I stop and sell them on the University of Minnesota."

—GIL DORN

"It's a lot tougher to be a football coach than a President. You've got four years as a President, and they guard you. A

continued



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AS I SEE IT continued

coach doesn't have anyone to protect him when things go wrong."

—HARRY TRUMAN

"If lessons are learned in defeat, as they say, our team is really getting a great education."

—MERRAY WARMATH

"Fewer than three touchdowns is not enough, and more than five is rubbing it in."

—JACK SLATTERY

"We brought up our rookies much different than they do now. During training camp, if we went to a tavern and a rookie came in—well, he just didn't dare come in. Rookies found their own joints."

—BONNY LAYNE

"A head coach is guided by this main objective: dig, claw, wheedle, coax that fanatical effort out of the players. You want them to play every Saturday as if they were planting the flag on Iwo Jima."

—DARRILL ROYAL

"We think Tarkenton uses audibles when we're chasing him. Audibles like 'Help'."

—ROGER BROWN

"Gentlemen, you are about to play football for Yale against Harvard. Never in your lives will you do anything so important."

—T. A. D. JONES

"When you do everything right and the ball is on target, you get what I think is the biggest thrill in football—you get to run with the ball."

—RAYMOND BUCKLEY

"To those who loved, as I did, the old-time football—the very thud of the ball, the scent of bruised grass, the mighty rush of a hundred men, the swift and cool defense—there is something insufficient in the presence of a whole university sitting and shivering in the chill wind around an arena where a few picked gladiators push and wrestle."

—CORONEL THOMAS HIGGINSON

"I was able to belt a lot of quarterbacks around. It was the only part of the game that I liked."

—ALLEN KARRAN

"There's no such thing as a 'brilliant' quarterback. He just happens to be the player calling the signals. When he calls the right one, he's a champ. When he calls the wrong one, he's a chump."

—OTTO GRAHAM

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Source: U.S. Department of Transportation

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ALLEGHENY

Did you know Allegheny was that big?

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 31-Sept. 4

BOATING—JOEL HALPERN of Riverside, N.Y., won the Maria Del Rey (ICRF) Offshore Powerboat Class to clinch the national powerboat points championship. Driving a 28-foot Cobra with twin 430-inch MerCruiser engines, Halpern covered the 180-mile course in two hours, 27 minutes to finish 15 minutes ahead of Rinehart's Rocky Acker, who won at the usual points standings with one race remaining.

Stepping a Soling off the Rochester Yacht Club 26-year-old ELLEN GIERLOFF of Seabrook, Texas, won the eighth and final race on Lake Ontario to break a tie with Peter Kierney and won the Adams Cup Regatta which brings together regional women's champions from eight U.S. districts.

JOHN BERTLAND of San Francisco won the world Laser-class sailing title in Kiel, West Germany. Bertland wrapped up the championship after finishing five races with 13 points.

BOWLING—EARL ANTHONY of Tucson won the 16000 Wausau (H1) Open, defeating Tom Wright of Melbourne, Calif. 279-144. Anthony rolled eight straight strikes in route to his 23th career PBA win.

CYCLING—CORNELIA VAN DOSTEN HAGE of the Netherlands won the women's world road cycling championship at Cautin, Italy, covering the 85.5-mile course in 3:09:14.

PRO FOOTBALL—In the final week of exhibition games Detroit landed Baltimore as fourth straight loss. 24-9. Washington continued to sputter, losing 9-7 to the Chicago Bears. The Redskins were 2-4 in preseason play. Safety Steve Frazier recovered three fumbles for Buffalo, each leading to a touchdown in the 49th defeated Cleveland 18-10. Atlanta got scoring points of 28 and 17 yards from three field goals in their Green Bay 26-17. Jim Hart hit 16 of 24 passes for 301 yards and two touchdowns as St. Louis defeated Kansas City 30-14. Cincinnati's Mingo Jackson finished a punt and converted it into the game's only touchdown as Los Angeles beat San Francisco 10-7 to finish undefeated in preseason play. Miami also was unbeaten, defeating New Orleans 20-7. Dallas, Fairbairn, Scott, Lasker scored two fourth-quarter TDs and a third in sudden death in the Cowboys beat Houston 26-20. Pittsburgh's offense rolled 413 yards, while the defense yielded only 204 to the New York Jets in a 41-0 starter victory. A 100-yard kickoff return by Isaac Hays was not enough as Tampa Bay tied in Cincinnati 14-13 in a 1-1 preseason round. The other expansion team, Seattle, finished the exhibition season

with the same record, losing to Oakland 45-18. Wade Weaver, Charlie Jensen scored both Charger TDs in San Diego beat the New York Giants 14-13.

GOLF—ROBERT W. WILLIAMS, 58, of Kansas City won the 17th annual World Senior championship in Colorado Springs. Cuts, separating 60-year and Richard Severson of Broomfield Springs. Cuts: Joe and three.

HARNESS RACING—STEVE LOBELLE, driven by Billy Houghton, was the winner of the second 1:50 mile and fourth 1:20:20 heats of the \$14 Handicappers to take top money in the \$263,524 class for 3-year-old males at DuQuoin, Ill. (page 27).

HORSE RACING—MILO WISE DANCER (55.00), with 1-4, Waco, ahead, won the \$568,042 All-American Derby for quarter horses at Randol Downs, N. Me. The liver-colored colt covered the two furlongs in 24.34 seconds for his ninth straight win.

SWIMMING—WENDY BROOKS from Oxnard in York three England a 29-year-old waters teacher won the English Channel in a record-breaking eight hours, 36 minutes. Crossing from Dover to Calais, near Brook beat record Tina Bechoff's record set in August by seven minutes.

In California 21-year-old PENNY DEAN who attends Pomona College, won the Catalina Channel from Rancho Palos Verdes to Santa Catalina Island in seven hours, 15 minutes, 35 seconds to break Joyce Cole record by 92 minutes.

The following day 15-year-old JOHN YORK of Manchester, New Hampshire, broke 100 seconds off the men's record for the Catalina Channel swim. John, who weighs 5'7" and weighs 167 pounds, won the 21-mile strait in eight hours, 49 minutes and 56 seconds. The old record had been set by David Cox, Lymington, in 1972.

TENNIS—CANADA upset the U.S. 2-1 in the Stevens Cup senior team tournament in New York. Bob Bedard of Canada beat Vic Seixas 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 and American Hugh Stewart defeated Lorne Muir 7-5, 6-1. Bedard and Muir defeated Seixas and Stewart in the deciding doubles match 7-5, 6-4, 7-6. It was the first time the U.S. has lost the Stevens Cup since its inception in 1964.

Second-seeded BJORN BOERG of Sweden won the \$125,000 United States Pro Championship for the third year in a row, defeating Harold Solomon 6-7, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2 at the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Mass.

Boyg won \$25,000 (6-1) beat his 17-6 strings to \$432,000.

MELODIES—CHARTERED Five Olympic weightlifters, to the International Olympic Committee (IOC) on commission with going illegal drug at Moscow. The violations are gold medalists VALENTIN CHIRISTOV (Bulgaria) and ZDENEK KACZMAREK (Poland), silver medalist MIKHAIL BELAKOV (USSR), and PHILLIP GRIPPLAND (U.S.) and ARNE NORRBACK (Sweden). The IOC is considering what action to take against the lifter.

TIED By the Montreal Express, first-year manager KARE KLEHL, 38. The Express, headed for their worst season with going illegal drug at Moscow. The violations are gold medalists VALENTIN CHIRISTOV (Bulgaria) and ZDENEK KACZMAREK (Poland), silver medalist MIKHAIL BELAKOV (USSR), and PHILLIP GRIPPLAND (U.S.) and ARNE NORRBACK (Sweden). The IOC is considering what action to take against the lifter.

HIRE DARRYL JOHNSON, 49, as manager of the Seattle Mariners, one of the two American League expansion clubs that began play last season. Johnson was fired by Boston in July, when the Red Sox were playing 477 hit after having come within one game of winning the 1978 World Series.

HIRE By the WMA Minnesota Fighting Saints, GLEN SCHMIDT, 47, as head coach. Schmitt will also serve as general manager of the new franchise, which he replaces the use of the same name that folded midway through last season.

HIRE JOHNNY WILSON, 43, as head coach of the (Denver) Colorado Rockies (formerly the Kansas City Scouts) the newest franchise in the National Hockey League. Wilson, a five-year in the NHL for 11 years, was the coach of the WHA Cleveland Crusaders last season.

DIED DOUG DAVIS JR., 39, one of the leading trainers in Kentucky Thoroughbred racing, of a heart attack in Versailles, Ky. Davis died just two days after his 39-year-old filly, Shamrock, won the \$125,000 Miscellaneous Stakes at Atlantic City. In a 38-year career Davis trained 30 stakes winners.

CREDITS

By: Drawing by Arvid Roth 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TRINA JARISH
COTTA WASH, CALIF.

Flying solo in a Beechcraft A-36, 34-year-old Jarish won the 29th All-Women Transcontinental Air Race like the Powder Puff Derby. She covered the 2,926-mile course in 13.9 hours flying time for an average ground speed of 209.7 mph.



MIKE OGORZALAK
BARNETT, IL

Mike, 17, shattered 199 of the 200 clay balls at the 77th Grand American Trapshooting Tournament in Vandana, Ohio to win the national junior championship. He ran 167 targets before moving in the 17-and-under competition.



DEILY CARRIZALES
BOL, TEXAS

Competing in the Hebronville Little League, Deily pitched five shutouts—four of them no-batters—and struck out 80 batters in 35 innings. In one game he fanned all 18 batters. He also hit 800 and had 10 home runs in 50 at bats.



ROSE HEPBURN
EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Fourteen-year-old Rose, who stands 5'7", is the 14-and-under world-record holder in the high jump. His leap of 6'8 1/2" was 1/4 inches better than the second-best jump in his age group. Last year Rose tied the 13-year-old record mark of 6'2".



CINDY WORCESTER
BELL CITY, KAN.

Cindy, 18, set some girls' outdoor records in the mile (5:13.5) and the 800 (2:16.1) and won the 220 (25.9) to account for 30 of the 31 points scored by the Ringkings in winning the state title. Last year Cindy tied the national schoolgirl 800 at 2:06.6.



LARRY SHIELDS
LOUISVILLE, KY

Larry, 18, beat 807 riders, Laps 15 to 18 to successfully defend his title in the Junior Men's Road Race at the National Bicycle Championships in Louisville. He completed the 49-mile course in 1:56.41, an average speed of 25.19 mph.

What was he really like?



George Washington. Even his enemies conceded his greatness. Even his friends were sometimes at a loss to explain it. Incorruptible virtue? An unmatched sense of justice? An almost Roman stoicism? All of these, yes—but more.

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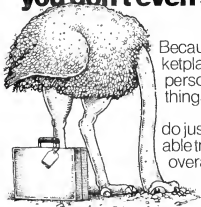
Great Wines are "candled" for color and clarity. "Nosed" for aroma and bouquet. They're bottled directly from the barrel. Never blended. And of course, they cost more.

This slow, natural process is how some wines become Great Wines.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

COSTLY FREE AGENT

Sir:

No player is a better example of today's artificial superstar than *53* cover figure Reggie Jackson (*He's Free at Last*, Aug. 30). Not that Jackson isn't a good ballplayer—he is just that. But for anyone to rate him as a giant of the game, a man deserving of the enormous contract he has his eye on, is absurd and regrettable. One recalls his excessive strikeouts and his .265 lifetime batting average and winces at the notion of his being classed with legitimate superstars such as Stan Musial, Henry Aaron or Willie Mays.

Jackson admits that he will soon be an "overpaid athlete" (perhaps confusing the future with the present), but he rationalizes that he is "just taking advantage of" the rules. No, he is doing more than that. He is taking advantage of us as well, or he will be when inflated ticket prices follow inflated salaries. Rather than sentimentalize about giving "a little back to the town where I play," Jackson and other such opportunists might do a more tangible service by simply asking for salaries commensurate with their talents.

THE SUMMERLIN
 Port Arthur, Texas

Sir:

Reggie Jackson said it all: Not only is he overpaid, but so are more than half of the athletes in pro sports.

PHILIP TSUNG
 Norwood, N.J.

Sir:

Baltimore may not be Reggie Jackson's kind of town, but then Reggie Jackson isn't Baltimore's kind of superstar, e.g., Johnny Unitas and the Robinsons, Frank and Brooks. Sport today isn't what it used to be.

STEVE MURFIN
 Rockville, Md.

Sir:

Another masterpiece by Ron Fannin! His article on Reggie Jackson was great in every detail. The *Oz* front office had better get on the stick and give Reggie the multiyear contract he deserves. The Orioles need Reggie in the lineup, not just this year but for another four or five years.

MARK WEINER
 Elkhorn City, Md.

ADMIRABLE AMATEUR

Sir:

I was happy to see that such a fine modest gentleman as Dick Siderowf (*A Plain Man's Fancy*, Aug. 30) got some recognition. His kind of class is missing in today's world of money-hungry athletes.

I had the pleasure of going through basic

training with Siderowf at Fort Dix, N.J. in 1959. Many of the high-ranking officers on the post gave Dick opportunities to get out of his duties as a trainee and play a quick 18 holes. Never did he take advantage of this situation. Sport needs more men like Siderowf. Business does, too!

GIL BERGER
 Seattle

Sir:

After Dick Siderowf won his second British Amateur championship, I felt that he was denied the acclaim due him. Thank you for featuring this amazing champion. I have never met Dick, but I have always admired him.

RON GLASSMAN
 Colchester, Conn.

FOR CHRIS' SAKE

Sir:

Thank you for your fine article on lovely Chris Evert (*Say Hello to the Girl Next Door*, Aug. 30). As both a player and a fan, I find it comforting to know that beneath all that talent and success there remains a warm, perceptive, intelligent human being.

MICHAEL REAN
 Freeport, N.Y.

Sir:

Why do people root against athletes who are No. 1? Jealousy? Chris Evert is unique, someone who comes along only once in a great while. And who said she isn't beautiful? Look at your picture!

ROD CROOKS
 East Canton, Ohio

Sir:

Thanks to Curry Kirkpatrick for his excellent article on Chris Evert. If Ms. Evert has not had all the fans on her side in the past, she can be sure of at least one more now.

SCOTT HANSEN
 Logan, Utah

Sir:

I wish Chris Evert was the girl next door.
 ROBERT S. ROBINSON
 Woodland Hills, Calif.

PLACING DR. RICHARDS

Sir:

It is time to set aside emotional reactions to the controversy over Dr. Renee Richards (*Scorecard*, Aug. 23) and examine the facts pertinent to a fair resolution of her case. I propose that a screening test be composed of two parts—the first being a gynecological confirmation of sex, and the second being a test of strength and visual-motor skills. The former could obviously be performed quite easily by a gynecologist, while the latter could be administered by specialists in physical ed-

ucation or kinesbiologists from any major university. Such tests of strength and visual-motor skills are readily available and easily administered. If it could be shown that Dr. Richards does, indeed, have significantly greater strength and visual-motor skills than would be normal for a woman tennis player, then she should be excluded from play. However, I don't think this is likely to be the case, consider the obvious strength and skills of such women tennis players as Betty Stove, Margaret Court and Martina Navratilova.

CHOP LEWIS
Educational Psychologist
University of New Orleans
New Orleans

BRITISH VERSION

Sir:
Re SCORECARD (Aug. 30), Minnesota Viking Offensive Guard Ed White is wrong. When an individual's stomach hangs over his belt, it is not Dunlap's disease but Dunlop's (referring to the tire manufacturer). Hence the expression "spare tire."

However, since I weigh a meek 98 pounds and White weighs a hefty 253, I will immediately forgive him his grievous error.

BETTY CONWAY
St. Ann, Mo

McKAY'S TEAM

Sir:
After reading John Underwood's superb article on John McKay (A Three-Hour Time Difference, Aug. 20), I think the decision to put an expansion team on your cover displays your uncanny knack for seeking out and reporting on the most interesting and unique personalities in the sporting world.

DOUG SCHENDEWOLF
Trenton, N. J.

Sir:

As a former UPI sportswriter, my impression of my new across-the-lagoon neighbor, Coach John McKay, was that he was the brashest, most caustic egoist I had ever heard interviewed.

After just a few weeks of molding the Tampa Bay Buccaneers into a quality football team, he also may have proved himself to be the best coach in football.

Win or lose, he'll sure tell it like it is.

ROBERT W. TALLAFERRO
Tampa

Sir:

John Underwood gave us a tremendous introduction to what goes on in an expansion team's camp. I plan to be a follower of both the Tampa Bay Buccaneers and the Seattle Seahawks this season, but I think the Seahawks should have shared your cover with the Bucs. A narrow loss to a championship team (the Los Angeles Rams) overshadows a dull victory over the Atlanta Falcons any day. Nonetheless, congratulations on another great cover.

DAN GILLESPIE
Alhambra, Calif.

Sir:

As a Houston fan, I have been "insulted" if I took the Oilers years before they were granted an SI cover.

MATTHEW KEMPLE
Houston

O'BRIEN'S PACE

Sir:

Congratulations to Barry McDermott on the fine article on Joe O'Brien (True Grit Was Behind the Whip, Aug. 23). O'Brien has the discipline and determination to be successful in any field of human endeavor.

An addendum to the story is that he drove two sub-two-minute miles at Scioto Downs that same evening, including Nero's 1:56½ track record for 4-year-old pacers, then was taken by ambulance to a hospital for X rays and treatment of his injuries.

ALBERT A. GABEL, D.V.M.
Columbus, Ohio

BASEBALL'S PLAYOFFS

Sir:

Expanding baseball's playoff system, as suggested by reader Joe Boos (Aug. 30), would be the worst thing that ever happened to the game. Baseball has always maintained character and integrity in its major league playoff structure, which sets it apart from and, I think, above the other big-league sports.

Hope springs eternal, and the pennants are never really won until September anyway. Where is the excitement in watching two or more also-rans "fighting it out" for second place and a chance to spring an upset in the playoffs with a hot pitcher or two? Baseball rewards excellence over an entire season, making the long schedule meaningful.

RICHARD F. TEITSEL
Tonawanda, N. Y.

MULES AND BURROS

Sir:

My congratulations to Robert Cantwell on his fine article (These Mules Are Not Jackasses, Aug. 16). Mules are very interesting and peculiar animals. I must admit, though, that I was disappointed when reading about Mule Days in Bishop, Calif. to find no mention of the Mule Days we have celebrated annually in Benson, N.C. for quite some time. They are famous in this part of the country. Our celebration, complete with a grand parade of horses and mules, rodeos, mule-pulling contests and a Miss Mule Days pageant, is exciting and enjoyable for all ages. I only hope if you ever write another story on mules you'll think about Benson. Our next Mule Days celebration begins on Sept. 23.

KEITH LEE
Benson, N. C.

Sir:

I am disappointed that you did not cover the 28th annual World's Championship Pack Burro Race, which I witnessed on July 25 at Fairplay, Colo. The race, called the most grueling in the world by participants, covers a 25-mile course at elevations above 12,000 feet.

continued

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Moreover, rules call for participants to walk, run or carry their burros—but not ride.

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Joe Glavinick of Leadville, Colo., won for the sixth time and the second time in succession. He and his burro Ruego had a winning time of four hours, 29 minutes and 59.5 seconds.

DAN SCHLOSBERG
Clifton, N.J.

STEVE KELLY'S FATE Sir

William Oscar Johnson wrote a moving article about Stephen P. Kelly and his attempt to make the Olympic team (Bronx Boy Makes Good, July 31). I know that the U.S. didn't win medals in any kayak races, but what happened to Steve? It's like not knowing the end of a serial.

MR. BILL PAGE
San Francisco

• Kelly and his U.S. teammates, Bruce Barton, Peter Deyo and Brent Turner, failed to make the semifinals in the 1,000-meter kayak

fours. They finished fifth in their preliminary heat (behind East Germany, Poland, West Germany and Hungary) and fourth in their repechage (behind Sweden, Great Britain and Czechoslovakia).—ED

NO GYM IN SAMOA Sir:

Congratulations to Richard W. Johnson for his article on the emerging Samoan athlete in college football (Shake 'em Out of the Coconut Tree, Aug. 16). He obviously did his research, and I found the article to be correct in every aspect except one. The quote by Ia Saipua—"In Samoa you've got only two ways to go—to the gym and school, or to become a thief. You have to make the decision"—is incorrect and very misleading, especially to anyone reading about Samoans for the first time.

To be sure, a young Samoan does not have many options as to where he might go once school is out, especially if he is looking for some kind of organized activity. But life as a thief is certainly not one of those options. The *Fa'a Samoa*, which Johnson mentioned, provides the young Samoan with his sense of values, goals and pride and, especially on the village level, keeps him so busy with family

projects that little time is left for him to contemplate ripping off his next-door neighbor.

Furthermore, there is not one proper gymnasium in the whole territory. There is not one quarter-mile track, regulation swimming pool, baseball diamond, venue for field events or athletic shower or locker-room facility as any of the four government or two parochial schools, and there is only one regulation football field, located at the Community College. Since 1951 the Department of the Interior has been appointing American governors to administrate these American islands, but not one has used his influence to appropriate the funds needed to build proper athletic facilities. Thus, the emergence of the Samoan football player, as well as other outstanding Samoan athletes such as Olympians Greg Louganis (diving) and Lelei Fonofono (swimming) and Tony Solaita of the California Angels, is all the more outstanding.

RUD SHAFER
Former Assistant to the Governor
of American Samoa
Oceanide, Calif.

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